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REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Excursions in India: including an Account of a Voyage of 1200 Miles up the Ganges; of a Visit to Merut, Cawnpore, the City of Delhi, and other Places in Hindostan; and of a Walk over the Himalaya Mountains to the Sources of the Jumna and the Ganges. By Captain Skinner. 2 vols. 8vo. London, 1832. Colburn and Bentley.

WE have here another very lively and descriptive work on India; not so minute in its details of Mahometan rites and manners as that of Mrs. Meer Hassan, nor so thickly studded with hunting and shooting exploits as that of Captain Mundy; but replete throughout with admirable sketches of native scenes and native portraits, picturesque, amusing, and impressive. Indeed, Captain Skinner paints so well, that we almost seem to be present at his hurried marches, Indian fairs, Oriental ceremonies, British encampments, with all the varieties of traits with which he improves and embellishes these agreeable delineations. A more pleasant volume has not, for a long time, occupied our attention, or offered us more ready materials for an attractive review: for *old* as the ground over which he has trodden is, he abounds with *new* matter.

The Excursions begin with a voyage from Calcutta through the Sunderbunds to Dinapore, in which Captain Skinner's budgerow was one of a fleet transporting a considerable number of troops. This mode of proceeding to the Ganges, through tiger-haunted jungles and forests impending so imminently over the water as often to impede the navigation and damage the vessels, is placed before us by the narrative. We select one passage. After leaving Comorcolly, where there is a very extensive silk factory, Captain Skinner says,—

"We experienced the first north-west gales, and were destined to meet with a return of them every evening for at least a fortnight: they always prevail in the month of March, at the 10th of which we had arrived without seeing the Ganges. The hurricanes are magnificent both in their approach and retreat, but somewhat uncomfortable during their operation. Our boats were moored on the first night we experienced one beneath a high bank of soft sand, that threatened every moment to fall upon us: wherever purchase could be found for a rope, one was fastened; so that the vessels were in a line, and made fast from every possible quarter. The sky had been some time darkening; we were prepared therefore for the onset. Clouds of dust announced the approach, and filled our budgerows and the thatched boats, which rocked up and down as if they had been at sea, and bumped each other at a most alarming rate. The boatmen and servants were all drawn up in front cooking their food, 'thinking no evil,' when the storm burst: their fires were soon extinguished, their cooking-pots overthrown, and their clothes and turbans cast down the wind: every one rushed on board as well as he could. It blew tremendously, and a violent storm of hail accompanied the wind; the

hailstones were as large as hazel-nuts, and rattled upon the roof of my budgerow at a rate that made me fear it would be beaten in: heavy rain and the loudest thunder succeeded, while the lightning played so vividly about our thatched boats, that they appeared to be on fire. It was dreadfully dark, but the bursts of fire from all sides lit up our situation splendidly. The lightning did not appear to break from any one quarter of the heavens, the whole firmament was flame! it seemed to open every moment and disclose a sheet of living fire. Many people were not able to reach their boats, and were seen clinging to the posts to which they were moored in perfect despair. Now and then the cracking of a rope, and the breaking away of a boat from its fastenings, added to the confusion; several got loose and drifted into the middle of the stream; the natives screamed for assistance which could not be granted, for no one could tell precisely where they were driving to: every description of thing seemed to be travelling down the wind—hats, turbans, loose straw, broken cooking-pots, lighted wood, and even fragments of the cooked messes. It is a complete tragic-comic scene. It generally lasts in full force about half an hour, and then dies gradually away, leaving the lightning, which melts into a soft blue flame, to flicker on the masts of the tossing boats for some time longer."

The next excursion is a trip to Delhi, where again we become spectators and actors rather than readers, through the clever guidance of our author. Though often mentioned, we do not recollect so good an account of Delhi, and of most eastern cities, as the following:

"Generally in the towns of the East the streets are very narrow, and little better than dark passages. In Grand Cairo, if you unfortunately meet a string of masked beauties upon donkeys, you must make a rapid retreat, or resign yourself to be squeezed to a mummy against the wall for daring to stand in their course, if your curiosity should tempt you to do so. The Chandy Choke, in Delhi, is, however, a great exception to this rule, and is perhaps the broadest street in any city in the East. The houses in it have occasionally balconies in front of them, in which the men sit, loosely arrayed in white muslin, smoking their hookahs; and women, who have forfeited all pretensions to modesty, are sometimes seen unveiled, similarly occupied. The din of so populous a place is very great, for every house seems as well furnished as a hive of bees. The population is nearly 200,000 souls, in an area of seven miles in circumference, which is the extent of the wall of modern Delhi. The great peculiarity of an eastern town is, that every thing is done in public: the people talk as loudly as they can, and sometimes, when engaged in unimportant matters, seem to be scolding each other in the most outrageous manner: the neighing of horses, the lowing of cattle, the creaking of cart-wheels, and the 'clinking of pawterers' hammers' (for all occupations are carried on in a little open space in front of

each shop), are beyond all endurance. The trumpeting noises of the elephants, with the growling of the camels, varied occasionally by the roaring of a leopard or a cheator, (which animals are led about the streets hooded to sell for the purposes of hunting,) with the unceasing beat of the tom-tom, the shrill pipe, and the cracked sound of the viol, accompanied by the worse voices of the singers, are enough to drive a moderately nervous person to desperation. Among the natives of Mahometan towns there seems to be a familiarity of manner that places every one in a moment at his ease. If a stranger enter the town and find a group engaged in any amusement, he will not scruple to join it instantly, and take as much interest in its pursuit as if he had known the members of it all his life; and then, perhaps, tendering his pipe to one of the party, or receiving one from it—a sure sign of intended hospitality—sit down and relate his history with as much frankness as if he had met a brother. The houses are generally irregular in their construction, and not unfrequently curiously decorated. Different-coloured curtains hang before the doors; variegated screens serve as blinds to the windows; and the custom of hanging clothes, particularly scarfs of every hue, pink, blue, yellow, green, and white, on the tops of the houses to dry, make them look as gay as a ship on a gala-day with all its colours flying. The clouds of dust from the number of equipages, with the insects that surround the pastry-cooks' shops, are the most intolerable plagues of all. The rancid smell of the nasty-looking mixtures that are constantly in course of manufacture before you, with the general stench of the town, is a sign that it is seldom indeed that a 'musk caravan from Koten passes through it.' I think, in the *Arabian Nights' Entertainments*, there is a story of a princess threatening to have a confectioner beheaded, if he did not put pepper in his tartlets. However despotia it may appear in this lady, I cannot help thinking it a just satire upon the pastry of the East; for to season it out of all taste of its own fundamental ingredients, is the only way to make it palatable. This cook, I think, nearly fell a martyr to the honour of his profession, and refused to be dictated to; and I do not believe any thing would induce his brethren of the present day to improve their confectionary. Riding through the town requires much management and some skill. It is necessary to shout, push, and kick the whole way to warn the multitude to get out of the road. Occasionally you have to squeeze past a string of loaded camels, or start away from a train of elephants; and if your horse be frightened at these last animals, which is frequently the case, it needs some ingenuity to avoid being plunged into the cauldrons, which simmer, on each side of the way, in front of the cooks' shops. The fear is mutual very often; and the elephants, in attempting to escape from the approach of a horseman, may well be supposed to throw the whole street into a fine confusion. In one of

my strolls through the city on horseback, I was nearly swept away by a species of simoom, caused by the progress, through the dusty town, of some important personage travelling in state. When overtaken by such a storm, it is a long time before you can recover either your sight or position. The idle cause of all this tumult was reposing quietly in a shining, yellow palanquin, tricked out with gilt moulding in every possible direction. He was preceded by a large retinue of strange-looking beings, mounted on horses and dromedaries, and dressed in the most fantastic style. The animals were covered with scarlet housings, bound by gold lace, their bridles studded with shells; round their necks were collars of gold or silver, with little drops hanging to them, that kept time most admirably with their jogging measure. The camels were likewise adorned with bells. The riders were in large cloth dresses, caftans, reaching from their necks to their heels, open only on each side, from the hip downwards, for the convenience of sitting on horseback. These were fastened round the waist by a cotton shawl, either of white or green, in several folds. The common colours of the coats were red and yellow. A cimeter hung by their sides, and they bore matchlocks upon their right shoulders. A helmet, sometimes of steel, and sometimes of tin, pressed close to the head, in shape not unlike a dish-cover; a pair of jack-boots reaching to the knee, and fitting quite tight to the leg; the loose trousers gathered above, giving to the thigh the appearance of being the seat of a dropsy; and a pair of spurs, resembling two rusty weather-cocks, completed the equipment of these splendid retainers. Then followed a mass of servants on foot, some naked, and some with their limbs bare and bodies covered. They carried sheathed swords in their hands, and shouted out the titles of their lord, at frequent intervals, in their passage through the city. They were followed by the stud, each horse beautifully caparisoned and led by a groom; then came the elephants with their shewy trappings, gilt howdahs, and umbrellas of gold or silver tissue. The palanquin, bearing the owner of these motley assemblages, at length appeared, and he was followed by a guard similar to the one that preceded him. At a distance these processions look very grand, particularly the elephants and their castles; but when near there is a great deal of tawdry and ill-assorted tinsel. The horsemen of the party add greatly to the interest of the scene, by exhibiting their evolutions upon the line of their route. Some tilt at each other with their spears; and others affect to pursue, with drawn swords, the runaways of the party, who, in their turn, chase their followers back into the ranks. In the management of the horse, and the use of the spear, the natives are generally very skilful; but some of the irregular cavalry of the country excel all belief in these exercises. They will gallop at a tent-peg, stuck firmly into the ground, and divide it with the point of the spear, not abating their speed in the least; and I have seen a troop of men, one after the other, break a bottle with a ball from their matchlocks, while flying past at a racing pace."

On the river, after departing from Delhi, Capt. S. describes an interesting festival, called the Bhearer, and accompanied by the sailing of innumerable little floats with lights and flowers, which we regret we must pass over, to copy another of the author's descriptive bits.

"Dinner is over; and while the more precise and scrupulous are undergoing their ablutions, in as picturesque parties as they formed

during their meals, the others, having satisfied their own appetites, are busily engaged in preparing for the animals under their care; the camels are returning loaded with branches of the peepul for themselves; while the elephants, who have just received the call, are shuffling, with as much liveliness as they can express by their action, to a distant part of the ground where their cakes of meal, well baked, are spread out for them. A certain number is allotted to each; a fourth of which is destined for the cooly, who assists the mahout, or driver, in the care of him, and whose duty it is to bake the cakes and administer them, which is by no means a hasty operation. Each cooly puts the food into the elephant's mouth with his own hands, and waits quietly by his side till he has swallowed one mouthful, ready to introduce the next. The portion intended for himself he first shews to the animal, and pretending to receive his assent to the appropriation, lays it aside; and such is the sagacity of the elephant, that it is not too much to say he seems to understand the arrangement. One of the most striking features in the character of the East Indian is, the great devotion each person bestows upon his particular business. This arises, no doubt, from the division into castes, which having first introduced, now fosters the belief in the necessity of hereditary occupations. The Mahometans themselves, although privileged by their religion to be exempt from such restrictions, are not entirely free from the belief; and it is not uncommon to hear a low-born and uneducated person assert the privilege of his caste, when asked to do what he feels any repugnance from obeying. Each member, therefore, of that mighty race which sprang from Brahmah's foot—the race of mechanics—devotes all his energies to that particular branch that was followed and handed down to him, generally unimproved, by a long line of fathers. Those men who attend to the care of animals are so identified with all their habits, that they seem to think of nothing else, and their charges appear so fully to understand them, that you may fancy they take part, particularly the elephants, in the conversation of their keepers. Sometimes the mahout gains such an influence over this animal, that he may be suspected of having compelled the affections by 'spells and medicines bought of mountebanks.' Some fault had been found, not long ago, with the driver of a baggage-elephant belonging to my regiment, and he was dismissed. The elephant had received his lesson, and would not suffer another to come near him. Several were procured one after the other, with excellent characters for kindness and management, but the gentlest creature seemed suddenly transformed into the most ungovernable. A month had passed without any return to rule, when the discharged driver was again taken into service, and the elephant, delighted to see him, became once more fit to use. I have known the same tricks played with horses. They generally are unable to feed themselves, so dependant are they upon their grooms, when first bought from a native merchant, from their being accustomed to be crammed from the hand. As the natives like to see a horse shaking with fat, and his coat shining like glass, they stuff him three times a-day with an extremely nasty-looking mixture of meal and oil, and several sorts of spices, which they put into his mouth, having previously kneaded it into little balls. They assist the mastication with their fingers, and the poor animals undergo the operation with as little appearance of appetite as a well-

gorged epicure, who thinks it necessary to gratify his palate, even when his stomach is gone. A string of horses at feeding-time presents rather a disagreeable than an interesting sight."

Our author went to the fair at Hurdwar, where the Ganges first issues from its mountain throne to pursue its sweeping march of 1200 miles to the sea, and which is accordingly hallowed by eastern mythology and living rites.

"It is not (he tells us) an easy matter to describe the singular scene that is exhibited at the fair of Hurdwar, where the Hindoos assemble in countless multitudes, to combine, as they every where contrive so admirably to do, their spiritual and temporal pursuits. For several miles before we reached it, we had passed thousands of people in every description of vehicle hastening towards it. They were of all ages, all costumes, and all complexions: no spot upon earth can produce so great a variety of the human race at one assemblage, and it would be impossible to enumerate the articles of different sorts, or even the countries that produce them, offered for sale in the streets. The merchants in their own languages praise their own commodities, and make a confusion of tongues highly bewildering to a learned pundit, but to a European 'confusion worse confounded.' There are horses from all parts of the globe, elephants, camels, and buffaloes, cows, and sheep of every denomination, thickly crowded together; dogs, cats, and monkeys, leopards, bears, and cheaters; sometimes the cubs of a tigress, and always from the elk to the mouse deer, every species of that animal. Shawls from Cashmere, and woollen cloths from England, are displayed on the same stall; coral from the Red Sea, agate from the Guzerat, precious stones from Ceylon, gums and spices from Arabia, assafetida and rose-water from Persia, brought by the natives of each country to the mart, lie by the side of watches from France, pickles from China, sauces from England, and perfume from Bond-street and the Rue St. Honoré. I have seen a case of French rouge, and henna for the fingers of an eastern fair, selling in adjoining booths; antimony to give languor to an Oriental eye, and all the embellishments of a European toilet! In roaming through the fair you are amused by the tricks of the eastern jockeys: here one is ambling on a richly caparisoned horse, with necklaces of beads and bangles of silver, displaying his paces with the utmost dexterity; another is galloping as hard as he can, to shew how admirably he can bring him on his haunches; while a third lets his horse loose, and calls him by a whistle, to prove his docility. Elephants and camels are exhibiting at the same time their several graces and accomplishments; while a Persian, with a brood of the beautiful cats of his country, stands quietly by to attract you with his quadrupeds, if you should fail in making a bargain for the larger ones. The dealers invariably ask ten times as much as they mean to take, and vary their demands as they gather from your countenance your anxiety or indifference for a horse-purchase. It is not uncommon for a horse-dealer to fall, in the course of a few moments, in his demand, from ten to one thousand rupees. When the bargain is about to be concluded, the buyer and the seller throw a cloth over their hands, and naming a price, ascertain by the pressure of certain joints how nearly they are making towards its termination. By this means, in the midst of a crowd, they deal in secret; and it is laughable to see, through

an affected air of carelessness, how deeply they are interested. During their great attention to worldly matters, they are not forgetful of the grand object of the Hurdwar meeting: crowds succeeding crowds move all day towards the Ghant, and no minute of the twenty-four hours passes without being marked by the cleanly rites of the worship of Gunga: the devout bathers of all sexes assemble in thousands, and perform their ablutions with so perfect a sincerity and indifference to appearance, that they seem nearly ignorant whether they are clad or not. The Ghant presents as singular and motley a sight as the fair itself: Europeans lounging on the backs of elephants to witness the bathing—Brahmins busy in collecting the tribute—religious mendicants displaying every species of indecency and distortion—and Christian ministers anxiously and industriously distributing to the pilgrims copies of the Scriptures, translated into their various languages. Some of these excellent men—for no difficulty or labour stays them in their heavenward course—sit in the porches of the temples, with baskets of tracts by their sides, giving them to all who approach: the number so disseminated must be very great, for every person is attracted to the seat of the missionary, as he passes from the river to complete his devotion at the temple. We hear very little of Hindoo conversion, and many who have not had the opportunity of witnessing the zeal and perseverance of our missionaries may imagine that they slumber on their posts. But theirs is a silent way, and their endeavours, though little seen or heard, have, under the Divine assistance, produced some effect. It would be enlarging on a well-known tale to dwell upon the sorrows that a Hindoo must bear, and the struggles he must make, before he can renounce his religion.

"There are a great many elephants in the woods, in this part of India, but they are not so much esteemed as those which come from a warmer latitude; we have not met with any, although sometimes they are to be seen frequently enough, and have been known to come down and attack the tame ones. When they are met in herds they are not prone to mischief; but a solitary one, driven perhaps for some breach of law from its associates, is generally ready to offend. It is somewhat appalling, when not quite prepared for the onset, to hear the crackling of the wood, as a wild herd rushes through it. In travelling through Assam, I have heard that this is frequently experienced. And in the interior of Ceylon, I have listened myself with astonishment to the tremendous sound. The elephants sometimes display a great deal of humour in their attacks. After having routed the party, who generally leave their goods behind, they amuse themselves by a most minute examination of them, and take real pleasure in their destruction. I remember a narrow pass in the kingdom of Kandy being a long time guarded by one elephant, who determined to allow no one to go through it without paying him tribute. On his first appearing at the mouth of it, he had frightened a cooly laden with jaggray, a preparation of sugar; the fellow, throwing his burden down, ran away. The elephant picked it up, and finding it excellent, resolved upon levying a similar tax upon all future travellers. As the pass was on the highway to Kandy, he could not have chosen a better position for his purpose; and 'no trust,' although not written upon his gate, was distinctly enough notified to all passengers. The circumstance soon became generally known, and no cooly ventured

to pass that way without having prepared a sop for the Cerberus who guarded it."

But here we must halt; and propose next week to resume our march, under the entertaining command of Captain Skinner.

The Heidenmauer; or, the Benedictines. By the Author of the "Prairie," the "Bravo," &c. 3 vols. 12mo. London, 1832. Colburn and Bentley.

We have not these volumes in a sufficiently perfect state to pronounce a decided opinion on their merits; but this we must say, that we are exceedingly pleased with what we have read, and think that the *Heidenmauer* (the "Heathen Wall"—not to suffer this name to be a puzzle to the circulating libraries) is a spirited picture of those feudal times in Germany, when the burghers were beginning to feel rather than to know their influence; when the usurpations of Rome began to tremble to their fall, and the doctrines of Luther first to awaken the minds of men. A very pleasant introduction is prefixed. Take one day for a sample.

"It was a bright autumnal day when we returned to the left bank of the Rhine, on the way to Paris. The wishes of the invalid had taken the appearance of strength, and we hoped to penetrate the mountains which bound the Palatinate on its south-western side, and to reach Kaiserslautern, on the great Napoleon road, before the hour of rest. The main object had been accomplished, and as with all who have effected their purpose, the principal desire was to be at home. A few posts convinced us that repose was still necessary to the invalid. This conviction, unhappily as I then believed, came too late, for we had already crossed the plain of the Palatinate, and were drawing near to the chain of mountains just mentioned, which are a branch of the Vosges, and are known in the country as the Haart. We had made no calculations for such an event, and former experience had caused us to distrust the inns of this isolated portion of the kingdom of Bavaria. I was just bitterly regretting our precipitation, when the church-tower of Duerckheim peered above the vineyards; for, on getting nearer to the base of the hills, the land became slightly undulating, and the vine abundant. As we approached, the village or borough promised little, but we had the word of the postilion that the post-house was an inn fit for a king, and as to the wine, he could give no higher eulogium than a flourish of the whip, an eloquent expression of pleasure for a German of his class. We debated the question of proceeding, or of stopping, in a good deal of doubt, to the moment when the carriage drew up before the sign of the Ox. A substantial-looking burgher came forth to receive us. There was the pledge of good cheer in the ample development of his person, which was not badly typified by the sign; and the hale, hearty character of his hospitality removed all suspicion of the hour of reckoning. If he who travels much is a gainer in knowledge of mankind, he is sure to be a loser in the charities that sweeten life. Constant intercourse with men who are in the habit of seeing strange faces, who only dispose of their services to those that are likely never to need them again, and who, of necessity, are removed from most of the responsibilities and affinities of a more permanent intercourse, exhibits the selfishness of our nature in its least attractive form. Policy may suggest a specious blandishment of air, to conceal the ordinary design on the pocket of the stranger; but it is in the nature of things that the design should

exist. The passion of gain, like all other passions, increases with indulgence, and thus do we find those who dwell on beaten roads, more rapacious than those in whom the desire is latent, for want of use. Our host of Duerckheim offered a pledge, in his honest countenance, independent air, and frank manner, of his also being above the usual mercenary schemes of another portion of the craft, who, dwelling in places of little resort, endeavoured to take their revenge of fortune, by shewing that they look upon every post-carriage as an especial god-send. He had a garden, too, into which he invited us to enter, while the horses were changing, in a way that shewed he was simply desirous of being benevolent, and that he cared little whether we stayed an hour or a week. In short, his manner was of an artless, kind, natural, and winning character, that strongly reminded us of home, and which at once established an agreeable confidence that is of an invaluable moral effect. Though too experienced blindly to confide in national characteristics, we liked, too, his appearance of German faith, and more than all were we pleased with the German neatness and comfort, of which there were abundance, unalloyed by the swaggering pretension that neutralises the same qualities among people more artificial. The house was not a beer-drinking, smoking caravanserai, like many hotels in that quarter of the world; but it had detached pavilions in the gardens, in which the wearied traveller might, in sooth, take his rest. With such inducements before our eyes, we determined to remain, and we were not long in instructing the honest burgher to that effect. The decision was received with great civility, and, unlike the immortal Falstaff, I began to see the prospects of taking 'mine ease in mine inn' without having a pocket picked. The carriage was soon housed, and the baggage in the chambers. Notwithstanding the people of the house spoke confidently, but with sufficient modesty, of the state of the larder, it wanted several hours, agreeably to our habits, to the time of dinner, though we had enjoyed frequent opportunities of remarking that in Germany a meal is never unseasonable. Disregarding hints, which appeared more suggested by humanity than the love of gain, our usual hour for eating was named, and, by way of changing the subject, I asked,—"Did I not see some ruins, on the adjoining mountain, as we entered the village?" 'We called Duerckheim a city, mein Herr,' rejoined our host of the Ox; 'though none of the largest, the time has been when it was a capital!'" It is the history of this site which originates the ensuing story.

The following scene of penance, for an attack upon a powerful monastery, appears to us best calculated for separate extract; it is a most graphic picture of the manners of the age.

"The ancient church of Einsiedeln (for the building has since been replaced by another still larger and more magnificent) had been raised around the spot where the cell of Saint Meinard originally stood. The chapel, reputed to have been consecrated by angels, was in this revered cell, and the whole stood in the centre of the more modern edifice. It was small in comparison with the pile which held it, but of sufficient size to admit of an officiating priest, and to contain many rich offerings of the pious. The whole was encased in marble, blackened by time and the exhalations of lamps; while the front, and part of the sides, permitted a view of the interior through openings that were protected by gratings curiously and elaborately wrought. In the farther and dark

extremity of this sacred chapel were the images of the Mother and Child. Their dresses, as is usual at all much-worshipped shrines, were loaded with precious stones and plates of gold. The face of each had a dark and bronzed colour resembling the complexion of the far east, but which, probably, is a usage connected with the association of an origin and destiny that are superhuman. The whole was illuminated by strong lights, in lamps of silver-gilt; and the effect, to a mind indisposed to doubt, was impressive, and of a singularly mysterious influence.

"The sacristy was empty, and they awaited still in silence, while the music of the organ announced the retiring procession of the monks. After some delay, a door opened, and the Abbot of Einsiedeln, accompanied by Bonifacius, appeared. They were alone, with the exception of the treasurer of the abbey; and as the place was closed, the interview that now took place was no longer subject to the vulgar gaze. 'Thou art Emich, count of Hartenburg-Leiningen,' said the prelate, distinguishing the noble, spite of his mean attire, by a single glance of an eye accustomed to scan its equals; 'a penitent at our shrine for wrongs done the church, and for dishonour to God?' 'I am Emich of Leiningen, holy abbot!' 'Dost thou disclaim the obligation to be here?' 'And a penitent,' the words 'for being here' being bitterly added in a mental reservation. The abbot regarded him sternly, for he disliked the reluctance of his tongue. Taking Bonifacius apart, they consulted together for a few minutes; then returning to the group of pilgrims, he resumed: 'Thou art now in a land that listeneth to no heresies, Herr von Hartenburg, and it would be well to remember thy vow and thy object.' 'Hast thou aught to say?' Emich slowly undid his scrip, and sought his offerings among its scanty contents. 'This crucifix was obtained by a noble of my house, when a crusader. It is of jasper, as thou seest, reverend abbot, and is not otherwise wanting in valuable additions.' The abbot bowed in the manner of one indifferent to the richness of the boon, signing to the treasurer to accept the gift. There was then a brief pause. 'This censer was the gift of a noble far less possessed than thee!' said he who kept the treasures of the abbey, with an emphasis that could not easily be mistaken. 'Thy zeal outstrippeth the limbs of a weary man, brother. Here is a diamond that hath been heir-loom of my house a century. 'Twas an emperor's gift!' 'It is well bestowed on Our Lady of the Hermits; though she can boast of far richer offerings from names less known than thine.' Emich now hesitated, but only for an instant, and then laid down another gift. 'This vessel is suited to thy offices,' he said, 'being formed for the altar's services.' 'Lay the cup aside,' sternly and severely interrupted Bonifacius; 'It cometh of Limburg!' Emich coloured, more in anger than in shame, however, for in that age plunder was one of the speediest and most used means of acquiring wealth. He eyed the merciless abbot fiercely, but without speaking. 'I have no more,' he said; 'the wars, the charges of my house, and gold given the routed brotherhood, have left me poor!' The treasurer turned to Heinrich with an eloquent expression of countenance. 'Thou wilt remember, master treasurer, that there is no longer any question of a powerful baron,' said the burgomaster; 'but that the little I have to give cometh of a poor and saddled town. First, we offer our wishes and our prayers; secondly, we present, in all humility,

and with the wish they may prove acceptable, these spoons, which may be of use in some of thy many ceremonies; thirdly, this candlestick, which, though small, is warranted to be of pure gold by jewellers of Frankfort; and, lastly, this cord, with which seven of our chief men have grievously and loyally scourged themselves, in reparation of the wrong done thy brethren.' All these offerings were graciously received, and the monk turned to the others. It is unnecessary to repeat the different donations that were made by the inferiors who came from the castle and the town. That of Gottlob was, or pretended to be, the offending horn which had so irreverently been sounded near the altar of Limburg, and a piece of gold. The latter was the identical coin he had obtained from Bonifacius in the interview which led to his arrest, and the other was a cracked instrument that the roguish cowherd had often essayed among his native hills without the least success. In after-life, when the spirit of religious party grew bolder, he often boasted of the manner in which he had tricked the Benedictines by bestowing an instrument so useless. Ulrike made her offering with sincere and meek penitence. It consisted of a garment for the image of the Virgin, which had been chiefly wrought by her own fair hands, and on which the united tributes of her townswomen had been expended in the way of ornaments, and in stones of inferior price. The gift was graciously received, for the community had been well instructed in the different characters of the various penitents. 'Hast thou aught in honour of Maria?' demanded the treasurer of Lottchen. The widowed and childless woman endeavoured to speak, but her power failed her. She laid upon the table, however, a neatly-bound and illuminated missal; a cap, that seemed to have no particular value, except its tassel of gold and green, and a hunting horn; all of which, with many others of the articles named, had made part of the load borne on the furniture of the ass. 'These are unusual gifts at our shrine!' muttered the monk. 'Reverend Benedictine,' interrupted Ulrike, nearly breathless in the generous desire to avert pain from her friend, 'they are extorted from her who gives like drops of blood from the heart. This is Lottchen Hintermayer, of whom thou hast doubtless heard.' The name of Lottchen Hintermayer had never reached the treasurer's ear, but the sweet and persuasive manner of Ulrike prevailed. The monk bowed, and he seemed satisfied. The next that advanced was Meta. The Benedictines all appeared struck by the pallid colour of her cheek, and the vacant, hopeless expression of an eye that had lately been so joyous. 'The journey hath been hard upon our daughter,' said the princely abbot with gentleness and concern. 'She is young, reverend father,' answered Ulrike; 'but God will temper the wind to the shorn lamb.' The abbot looked surprised, for the tones of the mother met his ear with an appeal as touching as that of the worn countenance of the girl. 'Is she thy child, good pilgrim?' 'Father, she is; Heaven make me grateful for its blessed gift!' Another gaze from the wondering priest, and he gave place to the treasurer, who advanced to receive the offering. The frame of Meta trembled violently, and she placed a hand to her bosom. Drawing forth a paper, she laid it simply before the monk, who gazed at it in wonder. 'What is this?' he asked. 'It is the image of a youth rudely sketched.' 'It meaneth, father,' half whispered Ulrike, 'that the heart which loved him now belongs to

God!' The abbot bowed, hastily signing to the inferior to accept the offering; and he walked aside to conceal a tear that started to his eye. Meta at that moment fell upon her mother's breast, and was borne silently from the sacristy."

There is a most touching and natural scene between the baron and the burgomaster's wife; but, more connected with the progress of the tale, we would only point it out to the reader's attention; and must now leave the *Heidenmauer* till next week, when we shall be better able to offer our praise to it as a whole. Certainly Mr. Cooper loses no attraction on new ground.

Boucher's Glossary of Archaic and Provincial Words. Part I. London, 1832. Black and Co.

THE name of Boucher is so associated with the history of the early language and literature of England, that it is unnecessary to explain to many of our readers the nature of the collections which he formed, especially as they have been described in our pages, though some time ago. To more general readers, however, it may be requisite to mention that he was rector of Epsom,—that he was a student and a scholar,—that, for the greater part of a long life, he devoted himself towards the formation of what he, in common with others, felt to be a desideratum, a glossary to early English writers. The sources from which he derived his information were authentic; they consist of our old chronicles, our early poets, romances, and plays. He examined our ancient legal documents, and extracted from them such uncommon words and phrases as had perished since the era of their composition. Nor was it to written authorities alone that he confined his attention: he knew that much, very much, of the early language of England is preserved in the daily parlance of our rustics, and that the dialect spoken by them is not, as is too frequently imagined, a tissue of barbarisms, but a portion of the once-authorised language of our ancestors. Impressed with a conviction of their value, he was a zealous and successful collector of provincialisms; and by the frequent opportunities he had of residing in various parts of the country, he became acquainted with the different aspects assumed by dialects in distinct localities, by a comparison of which he detected their original formation. After having spent many years in collecting and preparing his work, and after the greater portion of it was ready for the press, the labours of Mr. Boucher were terminated by death. A specimen of this Glossary, containing the letter A, which appeared under many disadvantages a short period after the decease of its highly-gifted author, is well known to those who investigate the history of our language; and its merits are of such a nature as to secure for Mr. Boucher a high rank in the estimation of English philologists.

After the lapse of more than twenty years, a portion of this collection is at length made public; and it will be seen by the title that the editorial care of the publication has been intrusted to gentlemen, who, from a similarity of pursuits, are qualified to do it justice. It will also be remarked that it is proposed to embody with the labours of Mr. Boucher the result of the numerous investigations which have been made into early English literature since his death. It is necessary that we should advert to the nature of these additions. In general, the examples adduced in them, in the part before us, appear to

be taken from writers of an earlier era of our language than that which is commonly used for the purpose of philological investigation; and this circumstance enables the inquirer to detect the principle of the formation of words, which, in the dress of a subsequent age, have frequently become so disguised as to elude discovery. Use has been made of the manuscripts of the British Museum, and a considerable number of the extracts given from them have a value beyond that of barely elucidating the word under which they are cited; for they contain curious notices of dress, customs, diet, household regulations, and other subjects equally interesting. We allude to the curious articles *ambrie, ane, anneal, antic, ape, aroint, arel-bread, assay, Auld-Nick*, and others.

But we must, before referring to them by way of illustration, mention the Introduction, which, with some repetitions, and, we think, questionable hypotheses, is a very sensible and able essay. Speaking of the absence of dialect in the language of Rome, Ireland, and America, the author observes—

"Terence, the only dramatic writer of any reputation in the best age of Roman literature, seems to disdain any such adventitious aids. So far from adapting his language to his characters, his 'Davius' is distinguished not only for extraordinary sagacity and shrewdness, but speaks as correct, as pure, and as elegant Latin as any of the other personages. This singular absence of dialect is an extraordinary trait in the character of this extraordinary people; and seems directly to contradict what I had conceived to be a fact without a single exception, viz. that wherever a people and a speech were cultivated, there dialect would certainly be found. Whereas we have now found not only that untutored savages speak in a great variety of dialects, but that there has been at least one instance of a cultivated and highly-improved people who had little or none. Few such cases, I believe, occur in the history of the world. I ought perhaps to except the United States of America, in which dialect is hardly known; unless some scanty remains of the creaking, guttural idioms of the Dutch, still observable near New York; the Scotch-Irish, as it used to be called, in some of the back settlers of the Middle States; and the whining, canting drawl brought by some republican, Oliverian, and Puritan emigrants from the West of England, and still kept up by their undegenerated descendants of New England, may be called dialects. To a certain degree, Ireland also is in a similar predicament: there are some, but they are inconsiderable, diversities, in the native Irish; and this too is nearly the case as to their English. I can no otherwise account for this peculiarity in the history either of the Romans, the North Americans, or the Irish, than by referring it to the peculiarities that prevailed in the history of their first population. The first settlers of England consisted of various tribes from the continent, slowly coalescing into one nation; whilst her colonies in Ireland and in America trace their original to a few active English cities, London, Chester, Bristol, and the like; whose phrases and accents are yet discoverable in the speech of the colonists. In Virginia, one of the oldest of the British settlements, we still hear such terms as *help for help, mought for might*; and several others now become obsolete here, but which were in full currency at the time when that colony was first planted. Dublin retains more of the Cheshire and Lancashire speech; whilst the Cork accent is a mixture of the brogue and Bristol, a most

disgusting union. It has all the laziness of the brogue, joined to the pertness of Somersetshire; a marriage of contraries, that produces a very deformed offspring."

In another part the author is very severe on the American tongue, with its innovation; but as many of the words he quotes are now equally rife in England, we suppose that had he lived to our day (as is hinted in a note) he would have spared these remarks against "to advocate," "demoralising," "to progress," (still unadopted), "grades," "memorialised," "the alone minister," "influential," &c. &c. By the by, we see he uses the noun "spread" himself. We shall only quote farther from the Introduction a brief view of the Saxon language.

"It has been usual to divide and distinguish the prevalence of the Saxon speech in this kingdom by three epochs; and Hickes has marked them with great accuracy and precision. The first is that which was spoken, for a space of at least 300 years, from their first settlement among the Britons, to the coming in of the Danes; when, borrowing from, as well as lending to, their new co-patriots, the Britons and the Picts, it is probable the purity, if not the simplicity, of both was for a while impaired by such random interchanging. The language of this period may be called the Britanno-Saxon. The next is the Dano-Saxon, which prevailed, and more especially so in the northern parts of the island, for a space of 274 years, till it gave way to the Norman-Saxon, which commenced at the Conquest, and lasted till the time of Henry II. Of the language in the first of these periods, no specimens now remain, excepting a small metrical fragment of the genuine Cædmon, inserted in Alfred's version of the 'Venerable Bede's Ecclesiastical History,' lib. iv. cap. 24; and which Cædmon is said miraculously to have composed, when dreaming, notwithstanding its actually being neither more nor less than a translation from the Latin; of which language the idiom is preserved even in this rude version. The reader will find a copy of this curious piece in 'Hickes's Anglo-Saxon Grammar,' i. 187; and another, differing materially in its orthography, in 'Wanley's Antiquitates Literarum Septentrionalis,' p. 287. But this is not the case as to the others; and such was their extreme inattention either to correctness or elegance, during the dominion of those little less than savage tribes, composed of the scum and the dregs of various nations,—but all going under the general denomination of Danes, and sometimes of Nortmen,—that their speech partook of their own character, and became barbarous. No modern dialect, nor even those of less enlightened periods, can bear any comparison with the gross barbarism which in those days must have prevailed even in courts. Thus we find *mec, mek, and meh, for me; pec and peh for pe, thee; juh for eop, you; iuerr and iuerre for eopen, your; usic, usich, usig, and usih, for us, or we; with countless other varieties and corruptions in almost every word, all equally wild, grotesque, ludicrous, and absurd. From this charge, however, it is fit that the writings of King Alfred, and the beautiful poetical Paraphrase usually ascribed to Cædmon, which are supposed to belong to this period, be excepted."*

We now turn to the Dictionary itself, and feel how difficult, impossible, it is to convey to our readers an adequate idea of its great interest and merit: we, however, select a few quotations, as the fittest in our opinion to do this, and at

the same time be found curious and entertaining not only to the philologist, but to every class. At the eighth definition of the letter *A* we are told—

"*A*, with the addition of the two Lat. words *per se*, is used by some of our ancient poets to denote a person of extraordinary merit, a nonpareil.

In faith, my sweet honeycomb, I'll love thee, *A per se a.*
Wily Beguile'd.

That is the *A per se* of all, the cream of all.
Blurt Master Constable, 1609.

It is difficult to say whether this peculiar phrase originated from those depositaries of ancient manners and usages, village school-mistresses; but the fact is well known, that children are first taught, as the element of all learning, an intimate acquaintance with *A by itself*; as well as with *round O*, and *Q in a corner*. The character *&*, which stands for *and*, is also still called *and per se and*. Nor is the idiom without a precedent of the highest authority: *17th Ep. to A. Apocal. i. 8.* Martialis, *Epig. ii. 57*, and *ii. 27*, calls Codrus the '*Λαφρα penulaturum*;' just as we say king of the beggars. Gawin Douglas uses this letter with a happy effect in his address to Virgil, in the preface to his translation, in which he styles him '*A per se*.' Pref. p. 3. I apprehend that the reason of *A* being used to denote excellence or pre-eminence, is because it is the first letter of the alphabet. Thus Chaucer (in the beginning of *Tr. and Cr.*) in describing his heroine, says—

Among these othir folke was Creseida,
In widow's habit blake; but natheles
Right as our first lettr is now an *A*,
In beaute first so stode she makies.

The phrase is sometimes used without *a*, as in the following instance:—

They say he is a very man, *per se*.
Shakep. *Tr. and C.* l. 2."

The word *Aber* is thus explained:—

"The fall of a lesser river into a greater; the mouth of a river; a port, or harbour. Thus *Abergwayn*, the Welsh name of the harbour of Fishguard in Pembrokeshire, does not denote, as *aber* generally does, the fall of a lesser river into a greater, but a harbour, or haven. See *Cambrian Register*, i. 240. It is thus defined by Gir. Camb.: '*Aber*, Britannice dicitur locus omnis ubi aqua in aquam cadit.' See *Leland*, Coll. iii. 75; *Id. Itinerary*, v.; *Dict. Antiq. Syllabus*, 39. Hence *Aberdeen*, *Aberford*, *Abergenny* or *Abergavenny*, &c.; hence also, in the opinion of Leland, the Severn, or Sabrina, and the Humber. See *Coll. v. 65*, and *Comment. in Cygneam Cantionem*, *Itiner. v.*, where he offers it as a fair conjecture, that '*Aber* Britannicum, in *Humber* degenerasse.' And this conjecture receives no slight confirmation from the circumstance that *abar* in the Gael. (which Shaw, forming his judgment merely, as it would seem, from some local and limited use of the term, says, signifies a marshy or boggy piece of ground) is, in Scotland, very commonly, like *Humber*, changed into *Inver*, as *Inverary*, *Inverness*, &c. See *Stoddart's Remarks on Local Scenery and Manners in Scotland*, i. 232. A Welsh writer of no ordinary merit (see *Camb. Reg.*, *ut supra*), unawed by the extreme but laudable jealousy of his countrymen for the honour of their language, suggests that *Aber* may possibly be derived from the Lat. verb *aperio*, to open; but it is much more probable that *aperio* is the derivative, and *aber* its Celt. theme; inasmuch as, besides the Gael. *abar*, *abar* in Corn. likewise means a gulf, whirlpool, and also a place where two or more rivers meet. See *Pryce's Cornish Dict.* From *Aber*, portus, is derived

Havre de Grace. See *Huet. de Orig. Cadon.* p. 4, 6, 7."

The word *Agog* is another good example:—

"This word is admitted by Dr. Johnson to be of uncertain etymology. He, however, says it may possibly be derived from the Fr. low phrase *agogo*; as, its vivent *agogo*, they live to their wish. This definition is by no means satisfactory, nor can it be supplied by any thing more than mere conjecture. The meaning of the word in the different instances adduced by him is, elated, looking high. We are told, that when the Norwegians were in possession of the Western Isles, they erected forts or towers all along the coast, placing watchmen in them, who were to keep a constant look-out, and alarm the country by lighting of fires, when danger approached. These watchmen went by the name of *goksmen*. The literal import of *gok*, it seems, is *to look high*; and, if so, is the very same as *gove*, known to, and used by, the common people all over the north of Scotland. To *gove* about, is to look about one; at the same time stretching out the neck, and elevating the head, to see further and better. Formed on this idea is *Balgove*, the name of a gentleman's seat in the neighbourhood of Aberdeen, from the Gothic word *bal*, an house, and *gove*, to see far off; so that *Balgove* denotes the house with a prospect. *Goggles* are a species of spectacles, and *goggle-eyes* are projecting eyes. In the Heb. גוֹג (*gogah*) signifies *altum, excelsum esse*, a rising ground, &c.; and גוֹג (*gog*), a derivative of that verb, signifies the roof, or most eminent part of a building. Here, then, we have an elemental word very nearly resembling *gok*, *gove*, *goggles*, and *agog*, as those terms have a reference to height, or elevation. In the language of the Bas Bretons, one of the Celtic dialects, *gaug* or *coug*, which in their orthoepy do not differ from *gog*, denotes a hill, a mound of earth, a terrace, or elevated piece of ground; and sometimes, metaphorically, proud and lofty. *Agog*, therefore, if deemed a derivative from this Celtic origin, may naturally be resolved into *a-gaug*; which will naturally mean *a-high*, or *on high*; and, figuratively, will signify *elate*. [But see the ingenious conjectures on the origin of this word in *Mr. Brockett's Northern Glossary*, in voce.]

Our next samples are an "*Ape*," and "*Apple of the Eye*."

"*Ape*.—This term was formerly applied to a fool: thus, 'to put on his head an *ape*,' and 'to put an *ape* in his hood,' both meant to make a fool of a man; and 'to put the *ape* in a man's hood' was to outwit him.

—Thus was the *ape*
By their fair handling put into Malbecco's cape.

And thus she maketh Absolon her *ape*,
And all his ermit turneth to a jape.

Chaucer: *Urry*, p. 26. l. 201.
And soothly this priest hadde alle the jape;
This cursed chanon, put in his hode an *ape*.

Id. p. 128. l. 1509.

Or very possibly, real *apes* might sometimes be carried, for the fashion sake, on the shoulders of fops and simpletons. Shakespeare undoubtedly alludes to this custom in the following passage:

Because that I am little like an *ape*,
He thinks that you should bear me on your shoulders.

King Richard III. iii. 1.

In the print of Joan Cromwell, prefixed to the account of her court and kitchen, is an *ape*, sitting on her shoulder. The most striking features in the character of the *ape* are imitation and mimicry: qualities which, as implying a want of originality, it would seem our forefathers deemed of little value; for talents for

mimicry were regarded as little better than talents for playing the fool well. 'Fools formerly,' says Mr. Upton, 'used to carry *apes* on their shoulders; that is, I suppose, the representations of *apes*: and this custom was, probably, the origin of the phrase of putting an *ape* in a man's hood,' &c. To lead *apes* in hell, said of a woman who lives and dies single.

Hence shall we never mair hear tell
Of lasses leading *apes* in hell.

Allen Ramsay, i. 358.

Had you but liv'd where I did dwell,
You had not now led *apes* in hell.

Shelton's *Don Quixote*, p. 618.

I must dance barefoot on her wedding-day.
And, for your love to her, lead *apes* in hell.

Taming of the Shrew, ii. 1.

But 'tis an old proverb, and you know it well,
That women, dying maids, lead *apes* in hell.

London Prodigal, i. 2.

A writer, who has written a work expressly on the subject of old maids, ingeniously confesses, that he has attempted in vain to elucidate this mysterious proverb. In Hayley's *Essay on Old Maids*, iii. 157, we read: 'One of my ingenious friends is convinced that it was invented by the monks, to allure opulent females into the cloister, by teaching them, that if they did not become the spouses either of man or God, they must expect to be united, in a future world, to the most impertinent and disgusting companion. For my own part, I am disposed to rank an idea so injurious to virgins among the dismal and despicable superstitions of Egypt, as I find a passage in *Hermes Trismegistus*, which says, that those who die childless, are, immediately after their death, tormented by demons. I must confess, however, that, from the very high respect which the Egyptians entertained for the *ape*, the demons intended by Trismegistus could hardly be of that figure. I do not recollect to have seen the expression of *leading apes* in any English author, before Shirley, the dramatic poet. In his comedy called *School of Compliment*, printed in 1637, there is a scene in which, to humour the madness of Infortunio, the several characters on the stage pretend to be damned. Delia, among the rest, declares, that she was damned for being a stale virgin, and that her punishment was to lead *apes* in hell.' The references already adduced under this article (to which, no doubt, a very diligent search might add many more) are at least sufficient to shew that our poet's investigation into antiquity was neither laboured nor very accurate. I believe he might have added, that no such saying is, either jocularly or seriously, in use among neighbouring nations. I also have sought, but have not found: my own opinion, however, is, that the notion was suggested soon after the Reformation by some zealous reformers, to answer a present purpose. Of all the changes effected by that memorable event, there was none which the multitude more regretted than the loss of monasteries and monastic institutions. Women, in particular, and more especially when they were of a contemplative and retired turn of mind, long sighed after the asylums, which well-born women, who happened not to be well endowed, had been used to find in nunneries; and many, in a spirit of sullen gloom, obstinately continued unmarried, even when they might have married. This was natural: the spirit which led females of a certain cast of mind in such numbers into cloisters, and which it had taken ages to excite, was not to be extinguished all at once: accordingly it would not be difficult to find historical evidence to shew that, for a considerable time after the Reformation, a larger proportion of women were indisposed to marry than has since been

the case. To counteract and defeat a spirit supposed to be so unpropitious to the general interest of the community, some pious and patriotic reformer hit on the device in question; which, it will readily be allowed, did not require any very extraordinary abilities. Possibly, in this, as in other instances, its being so level to the capacities of the people, and so well adapted to their taste, might be one reason of its succeeding so soon and so well."

But here we must rest for a week.

Dramatic Stories. By T. Arnold, Esq. 3 vols.

London, 1832. Colburn and Bentley.

THESE very animated and interesting volumes, containing stories of many times and scenes, are truly what their name imports,—dramatic. Many of the incidents would, we think, tell well on the stage; for example, "Schelmkind," "Lionessa," and "the Impostor." The close of the latter might be made very impressive. We wish we could give a whole story; as it is, the following extracts are selected because they part best, and are, besides, a touching picture.

A scene in a Conscript's life.—"The sergeant and the priest advanced: the two friends embraced and kissed each other: Reaumer retired to a spot where the other soldier was standing; and, kneeling on one knee, leant his face on his hands, still convulsively and unconsciously grasping the spade, as if for a support: the other twelve men had formed a double line, about fourteen paces to the front of Jean, who was between them and the embankment, his white-clothed figure, thus set in relief by the dark ground beyond, presenting a clear aim to their muskets. He knelt down on his right knee, resting on the other his left arm: he said in a firm voice—"I am ready." The priest was about to bind a handkerchief about his eyes; but he said, "No—I pray I may be spared that:—let me see my death; I am not afraid of it." The priest, after consulting the sergeant's looks, withdrew the handkerchief: Colon retired to the place where Reaumer and the other soldier were: and the priest, after having received from his penitent the assurance that he died 'in charity with all mankind,' and having bestowed on him a last benediction, and laid on his lips the kiss of Christian love, also retired on one side. Colon gave the word of command—"Prepare:—the twelve muskets were brought forward:—Present!"—they were levelled. The sergeant was raising his cane as the last signal, to spare the victim even the short pang of hearing the fatal word "Fire!" when Rollo, with a loud yell, sprang to his master's side. He had been startled from his slumber by the roll of the drum; and, looking up at what was going on, perceiving Jean left kneeling all alone, and all so silent, except Reaumer's faintly-heard sobs, his instinct seemed to tell him his master was in some danger: his whining was unheard, or unheeded; he felt this too, and ceased it, but made a desperate effort to break the rope that held him, which, weakened as it was by his late gnawing and tugging at it when in the outhouse at Charolle, soon gave way, and, as above mentioned, he sprang with a yell to his master's side. But Jean's thoughts at that moment were too seriously engaged to heed even Rollo: he only raised his right arm, and gently put the dog aside, his own mild unflinching gaze still fixed on the soldiers before him. But the dog was not checked by the movement of his master; still whining, and with his ears beseechingly laid back, he struggled hard to get nearer to him. Colon felt for Jean's situation, and made a sign to Reaumer

(who, wondering at the pause since the last word of command, had raised his eyes), that he should try to coax the dog off: he did so by whistling and calling, but, of course, quite in vain. It will be at once seen that, though this has taken some time in the telling, all that passed from the time of Rollo's arrival was little more than the transaction of a moment. Still it was a delay; and the men were ready to fire: and Colon, not thinking the incident of sufficient weight to authorise a suspension of the execution, however temporary, muttered, 'Great pity—the poor fellow will die too!—He turned his face again to his men; and was again about to give the signal, when he was a second time interrupted by hearing loud shouts from behind him, accompanied by the discharge of a park of cannon. He glanced towards the opposite hill at his back, whereon the village stood, and there he saw all was confusion and bustle—officers galloping to and fro, and the men forming hurriedly into a line, he hastily gave the word, 'As you were;' for along a line of road to the north-east of the hill he saw a thick cloud of dust, from which quickly plunged out a group of horsemen, evidently officers; the foremost not so tall as most of them, nor so graceful a rider as many of them, though he sat firmly too, was recognised by Colon and his men (long before he was near enough for them to distinguish a single feature of his face) by his gray frock-coat, and small flat three-cornered cocked-hat. Colon gave the word of command; the soldiers shouldered their muskets, and prepared to salute; and, in another minute, Napoleon, at the head of his staff, reined up on the top of the hill. He had left the march of the grand army some leagues behind, and ridden on towards Labarre, in order, with his wonted watchfulness, to take the detachment by surprise, and see what they were about. His eagle-eye, whose glance saw every thing like another's gaze, had at once detected the party on the hill, and he had ridden from the road at full speed up the slope to discover what the object of the meeting was: a glance, too, told him that; and while he was yet returning the salute of the men and their sergeant, he said, in a voice panting after his hard gallop, 'Hey? what's this?—a desertion?' 'Yes, sire—no, sire; not exactly,' stammered Colon. 'Not exactly! what then?' asked Napoleon, in a rather peevish tone, his face assuming more than its usual sternness; for hardly any thing more provoked him than hesitation on the part of those he addressed. 'Absence against orders, sire,' replied Colon. 'Aha! for how long? Is that his dog?' 'Yes, sire: only a few hours.' 'A few hours! Who gave this order, then?' 'General S., sire.' 'What character does the man bear?' 'He is a brave man, sire.' 'He is a Frenchman,' retorted Napoleon, proudly; 'but is he honest, and sober, and generally obedient?' 'Yes, sire; this is his first fault.' 'M! how long has he served?' 'Three years last March, sire.' A louder and higher-toned 'M!' escaped Napoleon; and his attention was at the same moment attracted by Reaumer, who, with a timid step, had approached the emperor; and, kneeling on one knee, with clasped hands and broken voice, cried, 'Oh! sire, if you—if you would spare his life—he is innocent of any intention to desert—that I can.' 'Are you his brother?' interrupted the emperor. 'No, sire,' answered Reaumer; 'his friend—his dear friend.' 'And how know you what his intentions were?' 'He told them me, sire; he only went last night to see his friends, and would have returned the same night, but that I—I advised

him to meet the regiment at Labarre; and I know—' 'And what business hadst thou to advise a comrade in a breach of duty? Stand back to thy place.' And Reaumer retired, covered with shame. Napoleon beckoned Jean to him; he came, and Rollo with him; and the latter, as though understanding the power and authority of the man his master thus obeyed, put his fore-paws against his stirrup, and whimpered imploringly up to him. Jean looked for a moment in the emperor's face, but his gaze drooped, though without quailing, beneath that of the piercing large gray eyes that were fixed on him. After a short pause, Napoleon asked, 'Thine age? Lie down—down, good dog!' for Rollo was getting importunate. 'Twenty-five years, sire,' Jean answered. 'Why hast thou disobeyed orders?' 'I could not help it, sire.' 'Couldn't help it! How dost thou mean?' 'I was so near my friends, and so longed to see them, that indeed I could not help it, sire.' 'Tis a strange excuse. Down! I say, good brute!' but at the same moment that he said so, he ungloved his hand, and gave it Rollo to lick: then, after a short pause, added, 'And thou sawest thy parents?' 'Yes, sire; and I was returning to the regiment, when—' 'Ah! this is true, sergeant?' turning to Colon. 'Yes, sire, 'tis true,' answered he: 'we met him about three quarters of a league from—' 'I need not have asked, though,' interrupted Napoleon; 'the man's face looks true. Thy name?' again addressing Jean. 'Jean Gavard, sire.—Down, Rollo! I fear he is troublesome to your highness.' Napoleon smiled—perhaps at the title—and answered, 'No, no; poor Rollo, he is a fine dog. I shall inquire into this affair, Gavard; for the present I respite thee.' Jean knelt on his knee, and seized the emperor's hand to kiss it; but Napoleon said, 'Stay, stay; thy dog has been licking it.' But this made no difference to poor Jean, who kissed it eagerly; and when Napoleon drew it away, it was wet with tears. He looked on the back of his hand a moment, and his lips compressed themselves as he did so. 'They are the tears of a brave man, sir,' said he, turning to a young officer at his side, on whose features the emperor's side-glance had caught a nascent smile: 'Forward!' And at full gallop the party left the ground.—Jean's feelings at this sudden escape from death, were like those of a man awakened from a frightful dream, before his senses are yet enough gathered together to remember all its circumstances. Jean had little time, however, to gather them on this occasion, for Reaumer's arms were, in a moment, around his neck; and the hands of his comrades—those very hands that a minute before were about to deal him death—were now gladly grasping his; and their many congratulations on his escape ended in one loud shout of 'Live the Emperor!'

We like the first tale, "Goodwin and Goda," the least: the time is too far back for interest; and now and then we have to object to affected phraseology; but these are slight defects in so clever and amusing a work. We congratulate its author on his first appearance, and heartily desire to witness the future efforts, of which he has given so fair a promise.

The Sources of Health and Disease in Communities; or, Elementary Views of "Hygiene," illustrating its Importance to Legislators, Heads of Families, &c. By Henry Belinaye, Esq. 12mo. pp. 261. London, 1832. Treuttel and Co.

As this volume is addressed rather to the fami-

liar and popular than to the technical and scientific consideration of that most important of all subjects, Health, we shall deem that we have done our duty by it most appropriately by quoting some of its views, rather than by discussing them. We have only to premise that it contains much valuable advice, and cannot be read without eminent advantage by every class of the community, embracing as it does, in a condensed form, much of the practical knowledge of the best medical works published either at home or abroad. The topics are naturally grouped, and follow each other in intelligent order. Their mode of treatment half a dozen of extracts will serve to shew, and at the same time furnish, as far as they go, some useful information to our readers. On the subject of "Emanations," the system of macadamising is incidentally alluded to, and we are told,—

"Before speaking of the odours and effluvia of which the atmosphere is the ever-ready vehicle, we must not forget to observe the effect of those subtle molecules or particles elicited and thrown constantly into the air by friction of artificial processes of manufactories, &c. Dust, or minutely-divided substances, produce the most sensible and pernicious consequences, when inhaled constantly or in large quantities. The eyes, the mucous membrane of the air-passages, and the skin, suffer severely from dust, whether it be merely from the mechanical irritation, or from the peculiar pungency of the pulverised substance. Hence the workmen belonging to the numerous trades, in the operations of which a degree of dust is unavoidable, are so often affected with coughs, consumption, asthma, hemoptysis, &c. In the large towns, a great improvement has been introduced in the streets—that which is called macadamisation; but if care be not taken to remove, during wet weather, the loose mud of the surface before dry heat and the friction of carriages turn it to powder—if, during dry weather, the surface be not regularly watered, and that sufficiently to keep down the dust during the whole of the day—if these precautions, we repeat, be not taken, the fearful annual average of deaths from diseases of the lungs, in the bills of mortality, will be inevitably increased by the irritation which the powdered granite borne in the atmosphere must necessarily engender in the respiratory organs. Although not strictly within the limits of our present subject, we shall take this opportunity of observing the danger incurred by delicate persons going out in the evening of a hot day, when large macadamised streets are watered. The cold and dampness of the atmosphere, produced by the evaporation, may prove very prejudicial."

The destruction of furniture in macadamised streets in London, in consequence of the granite particles lodging in carpets, curtains, chairs, and all woollen, silk, cotton, and leather articles, is also immense. We will venture to say that these will not last half so long in good condition as in paved streets.

Respecting a fever prevalent at this very season, the remarks and cases cited are interesting—the Hay Fever.

"The reader has, no doubt, heard of the existence of a fever called hay fever, attacking delicate persons during the harvest of that fodder. Herodotus informs us, that the Scythians became intoxicated by inhaling the vapour from the seeds of a kind of flax; and modern medicine has observed, that the odour alone of hyoscyamus, particularly when its power is heightened by the action of heat, produces in

those who inhale it a disposition to anger and quarrelling. The *Dictionnaire de Médecine de l'Encyclopédie Méthodique* (tome vii. article *Jusquiamme*) cites three examples in proof of it. The most remarkable is that of a married couple, who, perfectly harmonious and affectionate every where else, could not pass a few hours together in the room where they worked without engaging in the most bloody strife. The room was thought to be enchanted or bewitched. At length it was discovered that the whole blame of these terrible disputes was attributable to a large packet of the seeds of hyoscyamus, placed near a stove; and their removal caused a perfect restoration of peace. Two persons sleeping in a granary containing the seeds of hyoscyamus, were attacked by stupor and violent cephalalgia; and two others in Saxony are reported to have become mad after breathing the smoke produced by burning the same seed. Very strong smells have been occasionally supposed to produce epilepsy. The malva moschata causes, it is said, hysterical attacks — and the flowers of the nerium oleander, and the lily, have been fatal in more instances than one, after they had been long confined in a room. This took place on one well-authenticated occasion, among others, in England, in the year 1779. To 'die of a rose, in aromatic pain,' is an idea that loses some of its facetiousness, when we really find some young women (for example, the daughters of Nicholas I. Count of Salin, and of a Polish bishop, &c.) dying immediately after respiring the perfume of some heaps of those flowers, or of violets. The rooms in which flowers are most diligently amassed by our ladies of fashion are generally the smallest; it is in the elegant penetralia of the boudoir that they shut them up. The heat there is favourable to the rapid elicitation of odour from the dying plant — the atmosphere is scarcely disturbed by a current, and seldom renewed; whilst, in their natural situation, the cooler air moderates the evaporation, and its undulation wafts towards us a diluted fragrance."

The following are sensible observations, and apply with much force to the silly disputes (so derogatory to the character of the medical profession) with which the public has been teased and disgusted on the appalling subject of cholera; into a belief of the disappearance of which we seem to be cajoling ourselves by thanksgiving in the church, and the suppression of returns, while its ravages are spreading in every direction.

"As soon as some new disease is imported from abroad, or arises in some spot at home, from which it spreads through the community, discussions and contentions arise on all sides as to its having simply an epidemical character, or one that is contagious, or both. These discussions are important, and the contention of men and discrepancy of facts is so great, that we should be perplexed indeed, did not a simple reflection occur to solve the difficulty. The contagious, as well as the malignant character of diseases, depends mostly, if not entirely, upon the degree of vital energy, and the narrowness of the space, &c. within which those who suffer from it are confined. At Maderia, in the south of France, and elsewhere, consumption is deemed contagious, on account of the number of sufferers that resort to those parts. Authors have enumerated many other complaints which we deem non-contagious, as contagious under similar circumstances. For instance, Dr. Cleghorn and Dr. Fordyce, both physicians of high authority in medical science, have considered the ague as contagious, &c. &c.

Therefore it would appear that epidemics, like the cholera, may be conditionally contagious. In the narrow streets, in the dark blind alleys, and small rooms, where human beings are found, of immoral and filthy habits, ground down, moreover, by poverty, labour, and misfortune — by every thing, in a word, that affects vitality — in such places it is that epidemics first appear, and then grow into contagion. If persons who can command comforts and conveniences are attacked by the invading disease, its contagious character disappears, or no longer betrays itself, and then it is rashly pronounced *only* an epidemic, or disease from local miasmata, or influences. There appears no limit to the violence of morbid power; sometimes it strikes down its victim with the rapidity of lightning, at others sweeps away thousands with the force of a hurricane; even in our temperate regions, we have lately seen 1600 or 1700 persons die in a night! In such a crisis, no one can think of the disease, but as an evil riding upon the wind — an epidemic; contagion, which there is no time to trace from individual to individual, is forgotten. When, however, the storm is passed, and we can contemplate more calmly the wreck of life, it behoves us to derive from its examination precautionary rules for our guidance in dangers of more common occurrence. Should we neglect occasions of studying disease on a large scale, of unravelling the intricacies of its history, of tracing out contagion where it is mixed up with the emanations from inanimate objects, we remain not only the blind slaves of system, but the ready prey to new evils. Unfortunately there are Christian as well as Mahometan fatalists, amongst men of the most justly esteemed abilities.

"Educated persons, particularly official characters, should be familiar with the subject of contagion and infection, the better to preserve their country and their domestic circles from one of the greatest 'evils that flesh is heir to.' If, when a new disease appears, men of science split into contending factions, a clear-sighted, well-informed person, but without the bias which is the result of an education exclusively professional, will be the best calculated to solve the important questions which these principles involve. To prove that such persons will be called upon to do so, we might state two instances of the obstinacy of professional men of the first character and abilities: both denied the contagious character of the plague; the first died in consequence of self-inoculation from a pestilential bubo; the other exposed himself to the contagion in a lazaretto, and expired, denying the existence of contagion —

'The ruling passion strong in death.'

On matters of general health, important to the metropolis and to the country at large, it is said —

"We must here take the opportunity of remarking the slender precautions observed with regard to houses, which are, in this metropolis, so rapidly erected, of loose and slight materials: they are occupied immediately they are built, and the bad and damp mortar alone is fatal to many delicate persons; the foundations are frequently not deep enough, or not properly vaulted, and are established on loose, damp remains of every description, that easily ferment. Nothing is more common, therefore, than to find in a healthy part of the town, a house, surrounded by others perfectly healthy, whose tenants are constantly labouring under slow fevers, scrofula, &c."

Again—"Honourable to the feelings of the nation as all must consider the procrastina-

tion of interment in England, it is not without its bad consequences. The effluvia of a dead body, diffusing itself in a house, where the minds and vital energy of its occupants are depressed by sorrow, and where the distressed relatives, perhaps, refuse necessary nutriment, may produce the worst effects. To parry these evils, and the still more awful errors of interring the dead alive, a consultation of competent persons might be appointed to examine the dead, as soon as possible after decease, and decide on the measures to be adopted. The civil law of France has made an enactment on this subject, which, if strictly adhered to, would go far to prevent these three evils — crime, burying the living by mistake, and keeping the dead to infect the living. So deeply and awfully have some people been impressed with the horrors of premature interment, that, in one of the old imperial towns of Germany, a plan has been devised and adopted, as a security against this, as well as the other evils we have enumerated. Every person, after death, is carried to a well-ventilated room, constructed for that purpose, near the church; the corpse is warmly covered, and laid upon a table — the hands connected with strings, communicating with bells suspended in an adjacent room, where a watchman is constantly on duty. To ensure his vigilance, he is compelled, every quarter of an hour, to advance the finger of a dial, which will only move at that interval of time. We relate this from recollection, which, however, is accurate in all essential particulars. Two persons were saved by this expedient."

From these and other data, the author strenuously enforces the expediency of legislating for the sanative preservation of the people.

"The objects (he says) the most important to attain, are, a sufficient control of government over hospitals, &c.; to bring such institutions for health to an unity of effort and a similarity of aim, and obtain from their reports, and those of every parish in the kingdom, a comprehensive body of knowledge to enlighten and control persons of the least authority in the state. The statistical reports which refer to the special topography, and to the peculiarities of habits existing in England, once obtained, nothing would be more easy than to establish a perfect system of Hygiene in this country. The numerous councils of health abroad, not only afford us models for similar institutions, and for the mode of their proceedings, but they have also collected a great mass of facts and results for the enlightenment of their imitators. No modern nation, however, can lay claim to the first establishment of so salutary a system; neither are our sources of experience restricted to contemporaneous annals. Hygiene, like many splendid creations of human intellect, belonged to the bright eras of ancient civilisation, and has been merely awakened from its long slumber of the dark ages. Without detailing the systems of the Jewish, Persian, and Grecian nations, each of which possessed enlightened systems of laws for the preservation of public health, the Romans alone offer a complete model for their formation, and one that proves also that such a system is as applicable to an immense and very populous community, as it is to a confined one. The classic reader need not be reminded of the titles and functions of those persons who, in Rome, presided over public salubrity; nor of the numerous enactments of that nation — from the laws that watched over the increase of population, to the minutest attention bestowed on the maintenance of baths, aqueducts, sewers, &c. However, those who are bound

by their offices to the government and guidance of their fellow-men, might do well to remark the contrast we mentioned before, as furnished by ancient Rome, while wisely insisting on the observance of laws replete with beneficent results, and its present state, when the decay of health and decrease of population accompany the neglect into which those laws have been permitted to fall. It is, indeed, the fate of that city to furnish many varied examples of all that is most striking and interesting in the history of man."

With this we conclude, cordially recommending Mr. Belinay's work to the medical and general reader.

The Private Correspondence of a Woman of Fashion. 2 vols. 8vo. London, 1832. Colburn and Bentley.

THE *Private Correspondence of a Woman of Fashion*—and private it might as well have remained: sickly sentimentalities—antiquated prejudices—that species of morality best designated by the term cant—no story, no interest, no development of character;—and not even that graceful and piquant style which gives animation to a nothing. What is the attraction, then, of these volumes?—one whose reign is, to the credit of the improved taste of the public, entirely past. The day is over when titles and initials, Lady D., or the Duke of ***', charmed the bewildered reader, and "anecdotes of high life," whether true or false, silly or stupid, were taken on the authority of a title-page. Fashionable is as much worn out as mythological fable; and Almack's is an Olympus whose literary reign, whatever may have become of its galopade sovereignty, is quite over. What can any reader find in sentences like the following?—

"Lord N—g is lord of the manor, but his lordship is not rich: his property joins the demesnes of the Duke of Norfolk and Lord Egremont. The Miss W—ms' were roaming there, accompanied by an old gentleman, a friend of L—d E—t's."

"The lively and merry Lady C— L—y, and the less pleasing Lady E— F—s, with two foreign women, Major S—r, and the odious S—o, composed her suite."

"Lady ***', hearing of my *embarras*, came over from B—th to relieve me, although suffering herself from chagrin; for the D—ss of ***', who had then united herself *en secondes nocces* to Lord ***', &c."

"Son Excellence le Chevalier de B— et ma tante; ma seconde mère; ma cousine Antoinette; Monsieur le Comte de M—, Secrétaire de Légation; le Capitaine de B—p—e."

But enough of these alphabetical arrangements; and we proceed to give a specimen of the sentiment and style, though we readily admit the truth of the original observation.

"But they are little aware how in their turn they are subject to the world's comments, and that its arrows are more particularly levelled against those hollow-hearted females of modern *ton*, who employ fair young emissaries to administer to their caprices, to bring them the daily gossip of the environs, and add to the attraction of their table, &c.; that those very Lady Babs, or Lady Marias, &c. &c. laugh at their dupes, while the guests of the preceding evening descend over the breakfast-table, and in their morning lounges, on the stupidity of their assemblages;—not forgetting that their fair assistants, catching the contagion of bad example, also neglect the kind promoters of their own early pleasures! Will not these barren minds be likened in this world unto the

Protestant who moulders in the sleep of death beside another of his own creed, in exclusive obloquy, on some sterile spot of unsanctified earth that a papal government allots them, apart from those of its own tenets? But He who died for our salvation is 'no respecter of persons;' and he will award a higher place in heaven to the poor fisherman, who in guileless heart applauds the rising Power that gives him bread!"

What, in the name of this most unhappy and ill-used simile, have the Protestant burial-grounds abroad to do here?—or what comparison can be drawn between gossiping, which is our own choice, and a grave, which is not? There is some silly nonsense too about "that arch-fiend Voltaire," and Buonaparte, elegantly entitled Old Nick. Still, we cannot deny that many do most dearly love what is sometimes called "news," more truly gossip, or scandal: of this these letters are full, and the anecdotes have evident signs of authenticity, though we must own we wonder at the publicity given to some of them: witness those of the Duchess of Dorset, Lady Combermere, &c. If our readers plead guilty to any such predilection, let them judge for themselves. We believe these letters are genuine, addressed to two ladies of rank, whose names have been mentioned to us; but, except to their own class and parties concerned, we do not see that they possess more interest than if they were sheer invention. It is, after all, the literature or talent in a publication which alone should recommend it; and not the mere circumstance of being written by a titled demirep, or sentimentalist, or pseudo-blue; and, unless for the "sensation" which these volumes may excite in the fashionable circles, the names, or indications of the names of so many of the persons who move in these fools' paradises, figure in their pages, we should say that they had better have been left to their privacy, so far as either profit or credit is concerned.

The Smaller Hebrew and Chaldee Lexicon of Professor Simonis. Translated, &c. by C. Seager. 12mo. London, 1832. For the Author; and A. J. Valpy.

MR. SEAGER, in his preface, informs us, that this slight hand-book, of between 60 and 70 pages, "contains all the words that occur in the Bible, together with their leading significations and some of the principal irregularities of each." From the esteem in which the larger work of Simonis is held by Biblical scholars, we have no doubt that this abridgment will be cordially welcomed by tyros in the Hebrew language. For ourselves we can only say, that such a compendious, and at the same time compact, lexicon would have been an inestimable prize to us when we first essayed the intricacies of Jewish literature. Among the other recommendations of the volume are, that it is translated by a gentleman every way competent to the task—is very neatly and clearly printed—and, as a further guarantee of its value, is dedicated, by permission, to the learned Professor Lee, of Cambridge.

C. Sallustii Crispi de Catilina Conjuratore deque Bello Jugurthino Libri. Recensuit, &c. H. E. Allen. 12mo. pp. 330. Londini, 1832. Apud Cadell.

In his preface Mr. Allen tells us he has carefully collated the present edition of Sallust with twenty-five MS. copies in the British Museum, sixteen of which (Harleian) he has compared word for word with the text of Curtius: he has also examined upwards of fourteen of the

most celebrated printed editions, and drawn from them such emendations to the text or elucidations in the way of notes, as they were capable of furnishing. We need hardly say, therefore, that this is a very excellent copy of the works of him who has generally been admitted to be *Romanus primus in historia*: perhaps, on the whole, the most correct and useful hitherto published. But its utility would certainly have been greatly extended, had the notes been written in English instead of Latin, and had the work been accented throughout in the usual way, which, however hateful it may be to the eyes of the mature scholar, is of no mean value to the youthful student.

The Visit. 18mo. pp. 283. London, 1832. Fraser.

THIS is another publication in which the high rank of the lady author, the prettiness of the getting up, with a lovely frontispiece and other embellishments, and the amiability of the design, must stand in lieu of literary merit or publishing importance. It is a harmless volume, enamoured of unadorned descriptions of the country,—an earl's mansion, some dependants and rushes, and a short tale of romance tacked to its close by way of rider. The fair writer, though sensitively alive to natural appearances, will forgive us for doubting her statement, page 9, that "the glow-worms were in great profusion on the turf banks, giving such a lustre to the vegetation, that the naturally delightful verdure was vividly tinted by the pleasing combination of so many little lights," seeing that "the Visit" was made in the month of April, when glow-worms are rather more scarce than peaches. But criticism is not required on a thing like this; a gentle, well-meant female toy, which Miss Bagster might read with pleasure and edification, and which is hardly addressed to higher intellect, though fitted by its sweet ornaments for the boudoir-table, to which we commend it.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

THE EXPEDITION TO THE NIGER.

BEFORE this meets the public eye, the commercial expedition for Central Africa will have sailed from Liverpool. As a jealous secrecy has (perhaps with great propriety) been preserved concerning it, we have not much to add to the accounts we have already laid before our readers. The equipment consists of the Quorra, a steam vessel of 200 tons, and another steamer of less burthen, which are expected to ascend the river as high as Boussa. Thence boats, and overland excursions, may convey our enterprising countrymen to places whither they may desire to go.

As we have formerly mentioned, this is simply a mercantile speculation, though, in union with the enlightened spirit of the times, it purposes to combine objects of greater and more general interest. The leading feature is to introduce British manufactures into regions hitherto unknown to the civilised world; and, with traffic, to diffuse improvement of every kind of which the natives may be found susceptible. The vessels are accordingly laden with articles most acceptable to the African population; and returns of African produce

* We thank our friend G. for the anticipatory notice of this volume for last week's *Gazette*; but we could not depart from our rule not to *re-vision* what we have not seen, and thus pledge our judgment to our readers for what we do not know. In the present instance, however much we esteem the authority, we are particularly glad that we did not commit the *Literary Gazette* to his opinions, from which our own essentially differ.—*Ed. L. G.*

are anticipated by the shippers to remunerate them even in the first instance.

As we have also stated, government has nothing to do with the outfit of this expedition. Lieut. William Allen, of the Royal Navy, proceeds with it; but without rank or command, as a passenger, instructed to make surveys and observations, for which we learn he is well qualified by his scientific attainments.

Richard Lander, to whom we owe this grand geographical discovery, may, of course, be considered as the head of the party which he accompanies in his third voyage to Africa. With him is associated Mr. Laird, jun., of Liverpool, as supercargo. Mr. Laird, we understand, is an able engineer, and otherwise intelligent and well informed. Messrs. Briggs and Harris are the master and surgeon; and we presume the surgeon to be a sufficient naturalist, and especially a botanist, competent to investigate the very important branches connected with these sciences, either for philosophical or commercial results.

Altogether, we have fervent hopes respecting this design, and most heartily do we wish it success. We had almost forgot to notice that the travellers carry with them a number of copies of an address, prepared in Arabic by M. Salamé, and intended to explain the objects of their visit to the native chiefs and kings. These are on all kinds of coloured paper; and, being adorned with pictures of the two steamboats, are likely enough to be regarded not merely as ambassadorial letters, but as beautiful specimens of the fine arts by the sovereigns to whom they are presented.

BRITISH ASSOCIATION AT OXFORD.

[Proceedings from Original Sources concluded.]

IN addition to the curious facts stated by Mr. Scoresby in his paper on the effects of lightning, which struck the packet (see *Lit. Gaz.* No. 806), it was further mentioned, that the first time, the lightning was attracted by the iron-work attached to the masts; it was thence conveyed between decks, overthrowing the bulk-heads, &c. in its passage, dismounting a piano, and finally making its exit by a leaden pipe, part of which it reduced to a honey-combed condition. As the electric fluid passed into the sea, it formed as it were a chasm deep in the water. During the interval between the first and second shock, the captain put up a conductor of iron-rod, with a chain attached to the mast-head: to this he attributes the salvation of his ship from entire destruction in the second instance.

A great part of the chain was fused by the intense heat, and fell in globules on the deck. A carpenter, working at the time of the first shock in the bread-room, was struck on the hand, and the limb was for some time paralysed. The electric shock produced an extraordinary effect on the iron-work of the ship, and also on the watches and chronometers. Three watches, lying under the pillows of three different persons, in separate births, were all stopped at the same time, though their owners were not sensible of any shock. The rate of a very exact chronometer was considerably altered. With a portion of the steel from one of these watches thus magnetised, Mr. Scoresby constructed a compass, the first instrument of the kind probably which ever received its magnetic properties from the clouds. Mr. Scoresby examined the nails of the ship, and the knives and forks, and found they had imbibed the magnetic fluid to such an extent as to be capable, four weeks after the event, of attracting iron; many of the

knives, for instance, sustained the weight of a key.

Though accidents by lightning are of frequent occurrence, yet it is probable that no similar example has ever been detailed with so much accuracy, accompanied by so many curious facts, as that now given by Mr. Scoresby. In the discussion which followed the reading of this notice, some facts were brought forward touching the efficacy of conductors in attracting lightning. An instance was mentioned in which a vessel *unprovided* with a conductor, lying in a harbour surrounded by others, all of which had hoisted their conductors during a thunder-storm, was *alone* struck by the lightning.

At the dinner at the New College, an opportunity was offered of discriminating from among the entire body now collected, the distinguished individuals who, each in their departments and in their provinces, had become eminent, so as to deserve the title of *Lions*.

Cambridge was strongly, worthily, and ably represented in the persons of Airy the astronomer, Whewell the mathematician and mineralogist, Sedgwick the renowned champion of geology, Babbage the logarithmical Frankenstein. Each Society of London had sent forth its deputies: Davies Gilbert and children from the Royal Society, Brown the boast of the Linnean, Murchison, Fitton, and Greenough from the Geological, Vigors the manager of the Zoological. The deputies from Edinburgh were Brewster and Forbes; from Dublin, Professor Hamilton, whose florid eloquence christened the assemblage the Solemn Session of Science—the Amphytrionic Council of Learning. Scoresby was deputed from Liverpool; the venerable patriarch Dalton from Manchester; York sent forth the Rev. Vernon Harcourt the founder of the Society, and Lord Milton the ex-president; while Buckland, Conybeare, Rigaud, Daubeny, and the brothers Duncan—the restorers of science in the University of Oxford, performed most ably the duties of entertainers.

The catalogue might reach the extent of Homer's, with as many more illustrious names as those already given; but it must be closed with the mention of two, as it were, from the ends of the earth; Sir Thomas Brisbane appeared on behalf of *Botany Bay*, whither it is agreeable to find that science has suffered transportation along with crime;* and Mr. Lea, of Philadelphia, connected with some of the most eminent societies in the United States.

The account of one day's proceedings will afford a tolerably correct notion of the whole week.

At ten o'clock, the portico and passages of the Clarendon were crowded with groups gathering from all parts, who, after informing themselves of what was to happen in the various departments, from the *affiches* attached to the walls each morning, either betook themselves upstairs to the section whose proceedings best suited their taste; or lingered in the reading-room, well stored with papers and pamphlets; or may-be took a listless stroll in one or other of those delightful college-gardens—realisations of all that is told of the boasted groves of Academe. A pleasant and instructive hour, too, might be spent in the Ashmolean Museum, which now possesses a collection not unworthy of the University, thanks to the amiable brothers Duncan, who may be termed its renovators and re-founders.

At one, the Society united, and met in the

* Sir Thomas has displayed his devotion to science by the noble foundation of the observatory at Paramatta.

theatre, to hear one or other of the reports in various branches of science, which had been bespoke at the previous meeting at York, and had been prepared by their various authors during the year. They were ten in number, and will be considered most important contributions to science, and the names of the authors the most distinguished in their various departments that this country can boast. As many of them were too long to admit of being read entire to the meeting, and as a dry abstract would give but a poor notion of their value and character, it will be advisable to offer here nothing more than a list. They are announced for publication together, in a cheap form, in the course of a few weeks.

I. Professor Airy on the Progress and Present State of Astronomy, especially in this Country.

II. Mr. Lubbock on Tides.

III. Professor Cumming on the Progress of Thermo-

Electricity.

IV. Mr. Forbes on Meteorology.

V. Rev. R. Willis on Sound. [A most interesting lecture, illustrated by experiments, in the course of which Mr. Willis brought forward his *Speaking Machine*, which he has taught to pronounce the vowels.]

VI. Sir David Brewster on Optical Science.

VII. Professor Powell on the Phenomena of Heat.

VIII. Rev. W. Conybeare on the Progress and Prospects of Geology.

IX. Professor Whewell on Mineralogy.

At the general meetings in the theatre, as well as at the occasional lectures in the evening, places were reserved for the ladies; Dr. Buckland having, with due consideration, ordered a certain number of BLUE tickets to be struck off for the special use of the fair portion of his audience.

Perhaps the most interesting occurrence during the meeting was the ceremony of conferring the Doctor's degree on Faraday, Brewster, Robert Brown the botanist, and Dalton author of the Atomic Theory. It took place on Thursday, on which day the usual routine was dispensed with, and the master and heads of colleges assembled in convocation, at ten o'clock.

The theatre was thronged. The undergraduates occupied the gallery; beneath it was placed a semicircle of ladies; while in the front seats sat the cardinal-like conclave of doctors of the University, in all the pomp of scarlet gowns, the vice-chancellor in their centre, and interspersed among them the most distinguished members of the Association, who had thus been expressly picked out and placed in posts of honour; while the *oi πολλοι* crowded the floor of the building. After some preliminary business, the above-named *savans* were ushered in through the crowd to the steps in front of the vice-chancellor's seat, and severally presented to him by the orator, who recited their several names and merits in a Latin speech; after which, the vice-chancellor rose to receive them, and assigned them seats among their fellow-doctors, which they took possession of amidst the plaudits of the gallery, who, on such occasions, enjoy a liberty of expressing their approbation or disapprobation of individuals, similar to that exercised by the gods of a London playhouse at a pantomime.

As the name of Dalton was announced, and the venerable old man made his appearance, the applause was redoubled. We should guess his age to be past 70, and it struck us that his countenance bore something of the Newtonian caste in it.

It excited surprise with some to find that the Quaker sage had so far overcome the prejudices of his sect as to be induced to don the scarlet robe. To account for the fact, some recollected that he is noted for a peculiarity of vision, which prevents him from properly dis-

tinguishing the colour scarlet, and hinted that what to other eyes appeared a bright red, might by him be mistaken for Quaker dun, or sombre olive. A meeting for scientific purposes, however, was an opportune occasion for a concession of prejudices. The University of Oxford had, on this occasion, in contradiction to the character for bigotry with which she is usually upbraided, delighted to shew honour to four persons, without regard to their being dissenters in creed from herself, solely in testimony of admiration of their high merits. Such an act redounds equally to the credit of those who have conferred and to those who have received the honour. The members of the Society of Friends, who have always held high rank among the followers of science, and many of whom were then present—for instance, Mr. Rickman the distinguished architect of St. John's College, Cambridge, Mr. Fox of Falmouth, and many others—appeared to look with peculiar complacency on the proceedings of the morning.

The life of Dalton has been one of toil, and, till lately, he still discharged the ungrateful duties of a mathematical teacher, for the paltry remuneration of a few pence an hour. This trifling testimony of respect, though it comes tardy, yet, from such a quarter, could not fail of being gratifying to the patriarchal philosopher.

As soon as the convocation broke up, robes were quickly thrust aside, and gowns and trenchers gave place to boots and spurs; and in a few minutes a regiment of cavalry, two hundred strong, was assembled on Magdalen Bridge, in obedience to the appointment of Dr. Buckland. The Professor soon made his appearance, and, armed with the insignia of the geologist, the bag and hammer, put himself at the head of this class à cheval, which forthwith sallied out to explore the geological wonders of the neighbourhood. Instances have repeatedly been brought forward of the affinities between science and fox-hunting. The equestrian class of Dr. Buckland affords another proof of their intimate connexion; and woe to that daring geologist, who, untried in clearing hedges, ditches, and five-barred gates, engages to follow the scientific pack. He may perchance hear the first blast of the Professor's whistle; but he runs the risk of being thrown out, and very probably off, before the first burst of his eloquent and instructive harangue.

In the present instance the list of casualties was but small; the Professor, probably in consideration of the bad horsemanship of some of his suite, and likewise on account of the many pedestrian followers, conducting his troop at a slow pace, and making frequent halts; now to explain the connexion between agriculture and geology; now stopping by the side of a morass, which gave him an opportunity of introducing the subject of Irish bogs, and the impossibility of reclaiming them. At Shotover Hill, an interesting geological locality, he explained the superposition of the beds of the lias, which are well exposed to view there. He dwelt at some length on the stratum termed Kimmeridge clay. This bed is prolonged into Dorsetshire, and in it, at Weymouth, lies what is called the burning cliff. The cause of this combustion is the enormous quantity of pitch with which the stratum is charged at that spot, which, having been accidentally ignited, continues to burn, smouldering under ground. The estate of Lord Eldon, Encombe, lies upon this bed, and so much greater is the quantity of pitch there than at Weymouth, that during a thunder-storm the smell of it becomes quite offen-

sive in the neighbourhood. The burning cliff is now at a considerable distance from this spot; but should it spread in that direction, nothing can save the estate from total destruction, so large is the quantity of bituminous matter to feed a conflagration, if once excited there.

At Shotover Hill are seen some of those shaley beds so productive in monsters of the Saurian class; many of them of such a size, that their huge jaws would have made but a mouthful of a man and horse. The formation of crystal of selenite, which is daily going on here, is exceedingly curious.

The Professor explained in what manner tracts of marshy land might be drained, by taking advantage of the position of the substrata; and pointed out an instance where a suggestion of his own had been attended with the most complete success. The connexion of certain plants with particular soils next claimed his attention. The ground under his feet was covered with the weed called colt's-foot: a quantity of barren clay, dug out of the quarry hard by, had recently been spread over the surface of the ground. In a few weeks it bore a most luxuriant crop of colt's-foot, though the plant was not known in the neighbourhood before. The explanation of this is, that seeds of this plant are continually carried about in the air; but finding no congenial soil, take no root. No sooner, however, is the clay turned up from the depth of thirty or forty feet below the surface of the earth, than the floating seed collects and flourishes upon it.

In some cases, seeds lie long dormant in the ground; and it appears that Dutch clover must, at one time, have overspread the whole country: for so sure as you spread a quantity of soap-boilers' ashes over the ground, up will spring a crop of Dutch clover. The clover has long ago flourished on the spot—has exhausted the elements necessary for its support. Whenever these are supplied by the application of the potash, the seeds are revived and again sprout forth. The lecture occupied about six hours, to the delight of all present; and we only regret that neither our memories, nor space allowed us, will permit a more detailed account of it.

The bones of the Megatherium, which formed the subject of Dr. Buckland's evening lecture (see *L. G. 807*), were extracted at great expense by Mr. Parish from the bed of a river. Their discovery was singular. A peasant, passing a river at a very dry season, saw something sticking out of the water. He threw his lasso over it, gave a tug, and brought ashore the enormous pelvis of the animal. The rest of the bones, consisting of the greater part of a skeleton, were obtained by turning aside the current, by means of a dam, constructed for the purpose above the spot, which extended into the channel.

It is a convincing proof of the perfection of the science of modern comparative anatomy (a perfection due almost wholly to the genius of Cuvier), that from the aspect of a single bone, say a tooth or a toe, the entire history of an animal now no longer in existence, and which has not existed in the memory of man, its haunts, its mode of life, habits, and food, can be more correctly and surely ascertained, than the figures of Mars or Mercury, or any other ancient deity, on an ancient sculptured fragment, can be determined by their attributes of the cock, or caduceus, or the like.

Dr. Buckland, who, in addition to that admirable faculty which he possesses of illustrating familiarly any subject upon which he may touch,

however abstruse in other hands, excels in the art of putting every one near him in good humour, did not let the present opportunity slip. He observed, that from [the digging propensities of the beast, it might have been properly termed Old Scratch. And though all allusions to politics had hitherto been avoided, yet from the nature of his food, viz. yams, potatoes, and the like, he must indisputably rank as a radical; and certainly he did not force his way deep enough into the ground to become obnoxious to the appellation of boroughmonger.

The Professor's jokes will lose much in the repetition; but the best proof of their excellence were the aching sides, and hearty good humour, in which he sent his audience home to bed. Thus terminated Saturday of this agreeable week. The members had not, however, dispersed on Sunday. On that day a very excellent sermon was preached in St. Mary's Abbey, when Mr. Dalton, still in his red gown, was observed in the seat of the doctors, attentively listening to the very sensible discourse which emanated from the pulpit.

Thus ended the second meeting of the British Association. The experience of another year will produce many improvements in arrangement, and free the sectional meetings in particular from much of the confusion which this time impeded somewhat their proceedings. This may be truly said, that no one could have left Oxford without feelings of gratification at the kindness, attention, and hospitality, with which every individual of the Association was received by the members of that University.

ZOOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

THE public support given to this Society is altogether unprecedented. At the monthly meeting, on Thursday, about thirty persons (amongst whom were the Marquess of Abercorn and other members of noble families) were elected into it; and during the last month, the incredible number of 34,000 individuals visited the gardens. The balance on the month's proceedings, in favour of the institution, was 918*l.* 5*s.* A sale of the duplicate animals had taken place. The prices obtained, though not high, were satisfactory; and the council intend to practise the same measure from time to time, as occasion may require. A long report on the state of the farm was read and adopted. A member earnestly urged an extension and improvement of the museum, in order that the facilities afforded for the study of comparative anatomy might become more available to men of science. On the table was placed an egg of the *curassow*, which was dropped in the gardens; a circumstance of rare occurrence, there being only another instance (in Holland, we believe,) of these birds producing eggs in Europe. The curassow is analogous to the American pheasant, large and beautiful. From certain experiments at the farm, it appears that carnivorous mammalia fed with two meals daily, do not continue in equally good condition with those which have the same quantity of flesh daily in one meal only. It further appears, that in the instance of the leopard, the temper changed for the worse; and thus animals of the genus *felis* might become more dangerous in a menagerie from the ferocity they would acquire under such treatment; and that, in another instance, the habits were altered as regarded exercise—a diminution of which, in confined animals, must be injurious to health. The inference deduced is, consequently, in favour of the accustomed mode of feeding the purely carnivorous animals with one meal daily.

LITERARY AND LEARNED.

KING'S COLLEGE.

It has seldom fallen to our lot to be present at a more gratifying spectacle than that we had the opportunity of witnessing on Friday, the 6th instant, in the large theatre of this Institution. We allude to the public distribution of prizes, which took place in the afternoon of that day, when his Grace the Archbishop of Canterbury officiated as chairman, for the purpose of presenting to the most distinguished pupils in the College, as well as to those in the junior department, or School, the rewards that had been assigned to them by their preceptors for their proficiency and good conduct during the past session. The interest of the ceremony was not a little enhanced by the reflection, that a period of scarcely nine months had elapsed since the first dawning of the Institution for the great purposes of education, when its Council were called upon thus publicly to testify their approbation of the progress which had been made by these youthful labourers in the field of knowledge, and that, too, in a manner so well calculated to stimulate them to a renewal of their exertions.

Such must always be the satisfactory result, when Religion, and its concomitant, Morality, are made the groundwork of a sound and liberal system of education, and when the mind of youth is taught to believe, that without a proper inculcation as well as appreciation of these sacred principles, all the learning that may be acquired, all the talent that may be possessed, are alike unprofitable and unavailing.

On this important subject, however, it would be superfluous in us to make any further observations, after the able manner in which the learned Principal of the College (the Rev. Mr. Otter) delivered himself on the day in question. It was obviously a source of the most heartfelt satisfaction to those parents who were present, and who had committed their sons to the bosom of this great and promising Institution, to hear the reverend preceptor dilate on the happy consequences resulting from the blending of religious with useful instruction; nor less so, to learn, in addition to the commendations of the professors and masters themselves, from the acknowledgments made by the Bishop of London and the Rev. Dr. D'Oyly (members of the Council), both of whom had carefully and critically perused the examination papers of the pupils, that those papers were not only highly honourable to their authors, but that they would even do credit to an institution of much longer standing than that in which they were then assembled. Amongst the many splendidly bound volumes that were lying on the table before the most reverend Chairman, we distinguished a monument of the genius of the accomplished translator of *Oberon*, Mr. Sotheby, which, it transpired, he had placed at the disposal of the Council, as the first prize in Classical Literature, to be given to the successful candidate among the College students.

As regards the system of instruction pursued in the School, by the able masters appointed to it, it appears to us to be at once judicious and well calculated to implant in the breasts of the pupils (of whom, we understand, there are at this moment two hundred,) a spirit of the highest emulation—a means which is far more likely to prove efficacious than measures of the most rigorous coercion. It was indeed gratifying to witness the exhilaration of a tiny urchin, not more than eight or nine years old, who it was stated could read *Cornelius Nepos*,

—standing on tip-toe, to receive at the hands of the highest dignitary of our church, the reward to which his good conduct and assiduity had entitled him!

Amongst the numerous friends and supporters of the Institution assembled together on this interesting occasion, we distinguished the Bishops of London and Llandaff, Lords Brownlow and Henley, Sir Robert Inglis, Rev. Drs. D'Oyly and Shepherd, Rev. J. Lonsdale, Wm. Cotton, Esq., Ald. Winchester, &c. &c. The remainder of the company were of the most respectable description, including many ladies; and the only subject of regret was, that, owing to want of room (although the theatre afforded accommodation for at least 800 persons), many were compelled to go away disappointed, being unable to effect their entrance.

We cannot conclude this notice without expressing our sincere hope, that an institution commenced under such favourable auspices, and entitled, therefore, to the support of every well-wisher to the welfare of the rising generation of this mighty metropolis—almost a kingdom in itself—will continue zealously to pursue the path it has chosen, and carefully endeavour to inculcate in the hearts of the youths committed to its care, the combined advantages of its own appropriate motto,—“*Sancte et sapienter*.”

We subjoin the names of the parties to whom the prizes were awarded.

Senior Department.

Theology.—1st, J. A. Frere; 2d, H. J. C. Smith; 3d, E. Sleep; 4th, John Smith; 5th, Wm. Winchester.
Classics.—1st, J. A. Frere; 2d, E. Sleep.
Junior Class.—1st, John Smith; 2d, George Sweet.
Mathematics.—1st, R. A. Gordon; 2d, W. Pocock; 3d, F. W. Shaw; 4th, Robert Peppercorne.
English Literature.—H. J. C. Smith.
French Literature.—H. Tritton; J. E. Cooper.

Junior Department.

Sixth Class.—Matthison, Hatchard, Fincham, S. Williams, Boileau, Garcock.
Fifth Class.—Dowling, Collier, Roope, Salmon.
Fourth Class.—Stone, Robinson, Canton, Warner, Colingdon, Hartley.
Third Class.—Hillard, Bourne, Calvert.
Second Class.—Foggo, sen., Helisch, Harrison, Norris, Bailey, Collicson.
First Class.—Bucke, Chapman, Rhodes, Shaw.
French Class.—Hatchard, Boileau, De Souza, Duncan.

We almost forgot to mention, that prizes were also presented by his Grace to the most distinguished pupil in each of the district Grammar-Schools in union with the College; with the exception of that at Stockwell, which is of very recent formation. The following are the names of the youths to whom these prizes were awarded.

Newman, Hackney Church of England School.
Christie, St. Peter's, Plimlico ditto.
Prout, Kensington ditto.

ROYAL ASIATIC SOCIETY.

RIGHT HON. C. W. W. Wynn in the chair. The donations were, from Madras Committee of the Society for Propagation of the Gospel, upwards of twenty volumes in Tamil and English, printed at the Vepery mission press, including the Pilgrim's Progress, Book of Common Prayer, Selections from the Old and New Testaments, Beschi's Grammar, &c. &c.; from the Rev. R. Yuille, missionary at Selenginsk, two MS. Lexicons in Tibetan and Mongolian, &c.

General Hardwicke exhibited a lithographic sketch of a man well known at Lucknow, some years back, for his ravenous appetite, being able to dispose of a whole sheep, for a morning meal, without inconvenience. The print comprises a portrait of the individual and of his gúrú, or priest, who wore a singular beard, about five feet in length. On each side are three compartments, in which are displayed

the different stages of the process of killing and eating a sheep raw, as executed by the subject of this account.

The paper on the architecture of the Hindus, by Ram Rag, with a large volume of drawings of sections, elevations, &c. of columns and buildings, and fifty-two beautiful drawings of the pillars in Trimulnaig's Choultry, at Madura, which were alluded to in the report of the council, were laid upon the table.

The paper read was an account of the Baktiari Mountains, by J. H. Stocqueler, Esq.* Of these mountains, which separate Khuzistan from the south and east of Persia, no particulars have as yet been made known. Accident having obliged the author to cross them in his road to Isfahan, he has in this paper drawn up a brief sketch of their characteristics, and the geographical position and names of the few inhabited places to be found within their limits. Though they do not extend over a greater space than two degrees of latitude and three of longitude, yet, from the ruggedness of their sides, it occupies ten entire days' travelling to cross them.

There was exhibited, and much admired, a fac-simile and translation of the Cufic Tombstone, described by Mr. Haughton in the second volume of the Society's *Transactions*: executed and presented to him by Miss Forbes, whose MS. Arabic Grammar was formerly noticed.

FINE ARTS.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Waiting for the Times (after an Adjourned Debate). Painted by Haydon; Mezzotint by T. Lupton. London, R. Ackermann.

A HUMOROUS print, in which a reader engaged upon a double sheet of the *Times* newspaper, is hidden, all except his legs, by the enormous paper; while another politician is impatiently waiting till he has done with his obviously not very short-lived task. We trust the latter is not a Berkshire freeholder; for we are sure, from his looks, he must be so incensed at the bestower of so much useful knowledge, that he would not give his vote to the proprietor of Bearwood, and (largely) of the *Times*, for keeping him so long from his truly “adjourned debate.” The engraving preserves the character of this very clever composition to perfection.

The Author of Waverley. By W. Crombie. Ackermann.

A COLOURED sketch. If the face were as like as the limbs and attitude, it would be, what it is not—a striking resemblance. It only preserves the personal characteristics of this extraordinary individual.

Landscape Illustrations of the Prose and Poetical Works of Sir Walter Scott, Bart.; with Portraits of the principal Female Characters. Part I. Chapman and Hall.

A PUBLICATION which, although small in its form, promises to be of great beauty. This first Part contains “Rose Bradwardine,” engraved by W. H. Mott, from a picture by C. R. Leslie, R.A.; “Interior at Abbotsford,” engraved by E. Finden, from a drawing by D. Roberts; “Mirkwood Mere,” engraved by E. Finden, from a drawing by G. Barrett; “Doune Castle,” engraved by E. F. Finden, from a drawing by J. D. Harding; and “Stirling Castle,” engraved by E. Finden, from a drawing by G. F. Robson. Of these, the “Interior at Abbotsford” would be almost at any period,

* We purpose reviewing this gentleman's *Travels* next Saturday.—Ed.

but is especially at the present moment, when the revered but stricken owner of the building is endeavouring to regain the shelter of its classic roof, the most deeply interesting. In the little typical illustration which accompanies this charming plate, it is justly observed:—"When the grave shall have closed over the remains of this eminent man—and long may that day be averted!—a pilgrimage to Abbotsford will become an object of equal attraction as to the town which gave Shakspeare birth: the contemplation of a room in which the precursor of so many wonderful volumes was for a long time suffered to remain neglected, will be an object of deep interest to every visitor. The chamber may be altered and destroyed, but the hand of the artist will have transmitted it to the latest posterity."

DRAMA.

COVENT GARDEN.

On Friday and on Tuesday there were concerts at this theatre, in which Paganini gave some of his unequalled and indescribable performances. A friend, with whom we were, and who heard him for the first time, was too much delighted to admit that the player who elicited these tones, equally extraordinary and enchanting, could, as vulgarly alleged, have entered into a compact with the old one; but he strongly inclined to a new belief, viz. that the devil was in the fiddle. If so, he surely is the most melodious and enchanting of fiends, and fit to emulate angelic strains. The one-string arie, and the exquisite variations of various beautiful pieces with which these concerts usually conclude, are beyond all idea, and must be heard and felt to have their wonderful effect appreciated. The rest of the evenings were pleasingly filled by Miss Shirreff, Miss Inverarity, Mr. Bennett, and other vocalists; the band skillfully led by T. Cooke; and the whole ably conducted by Sir George Smart. The houses, as they should be where such talent is exhibited, have been well attended, though not inconveniently crowded.

By the by, in the way of dramatic gossip, which the public seems to like so much, if we may judge by the quantity of it in every newspaper, we may notice the pretty and intelligent boy whom Paganini has indulged with a trip to England, and whom we have seen at the King's Theatre, the Adelphi, and elsewhere. This is his son by the lady whom he so inhumanly murdered, but who, after her sad catastrophe, contrives to live very gaily in France, where the assassin supports her in good style; and had to come down handsomely (we believe) before she permitted his child to accompany him. It is said that Paganini has realised little short of a Plum—consequently that he neither gambles nor murders *pour passer le tems*; but is, on the contrary, rather careful of what he earns; and, in this respect, neither like a common felon nor a common man of genius.

In addition to these concerts, M. Laporte has commenced a series of French plays and ballets, which are no less successful. The great attractions are Mlle. Mars in the former, and Mlle. Taglioni in the latter; and they are indeed lions worthy all the wild beasts of Mysore. In Mlle. Mars the art of acting is almost, in every one of her characters, carried as near perfection as we can imagine—nothing overcharged, nothing left undone. She is a study for the profession—a great treat to the lovers of the drama. We ought not to omit saying, that M. Armand plays excellently up to her

in all the pieces we have witnessed. As for Taglioni, we observe little or no difference in her. Perhaps she is somewhat more *embonpoint*; but the same exquisite grace and sentiment still mark her performance; *La Napolitaine* is as captivating as ever; and the fascination of her style unimpaired. It would be invidious to institute a comparison between her and Heberle; both are admirable dancers,—the latter, in general, displaying more quickness and agility, the former relying on movements which seem to proceed from feeling. We do not know which is the most striking; but Taglioni interests us in parts which we have not seen her animated *compereess* attempt: after all, the critic's post between them is a very Macheth-sort of situation; and he may either sing or say, "How happy could I be," &c.

The performances last Thursday consisted of Molière's comedy *Le Misanthrope*, and the pleasant little piece *La Jeune Femme colere*, the original of our *Day after the Wedding*; Mlle. Mars being the *Celime* of the first, and the *Rose* (*Lady Freelove*) of the second; each followed by a divertissement. Again we must say, we trust our English actresses will make a point of attending these performances to the extent of their opportunities. We anticipate the best possible consequences to our drama from familiarising both performers and audiences to the chaste, natural, and elegant comedy of the French stage. Nothing can exceed the mingled grace and humour of the accomplished actress M. Laporte has so fortunately induced to visit us; and we were delighted to see the house filled with an elegant and attentive audience. Mlle. Taglioni, "la déesse de la danse," as Mlle. Mars is "la reine de la comédie," obtained, as usual, a rapturous encore in the *Tyrolienne*, from *Gaillaume Tell*; and her brother, with his fair bride, Mde. Gladstre Taglioni, M. Théodore, and the rest of the artistes, received repeated marks of the favour of the audience. "Crowded and fashionable houses" will be at this rate no longer the last empty puff of a failing lessee; but the well-merited reward of good taste, enterprise, and industry.

HAYMARKET.

On Monday a new drama, in three acts, called *A Duel in Richelieu's Time*, was performed for the first time, and received with great applause. It is a translation from a French piece of the same title acted at this theatre during the spring, and possessing as it does a great deal of strong interest, with good situations, and a tolerably well-developed plot, is likely to have a considerable run. The actors seem to have taken more than ordinary pains with their several characters. Miss Taylor, who plays the heroine, a long and very trying part, has added greatly to her former reputation. She has two scenes in which not only pathos and delicacy, but much occasional force are required, and, we are happy to say, that she sustained the burden in a manner which afforded the utmost satisfaction. We have been, from the first, admirers of the versatility displayed by this young lady, and if she will only allow herself sufficient time for study—assume a little more confidence—and endeavour to articulate her words more distinctly, we have no doubt that in a very short time she will raise herself to a high station in more than one branch of her profession. Cooper, in the early scenes as a confiding, and in the *dénouement* as a jealous and infuriated husband, exerted himself strenuously in the author's cause. He was, however, sometimes, as he has frequently been of

late, too loud and boisterous in his declamation; a fault that we must earnestly beseech him to amend. Vining, as the rival and favoured lover, shewed the audience that he was capable of something more than the silly fops which usually fall to his share in the drama, and that he might be employed in melodrama, and the lighter parts of tragedy, with advantage to his employers; not that we wish to impose upon him any additional business at present. We only wonder how he and one or two others whom we could name, are able to discharge their duty at all this sultry weather—four and sometimes five pieces of a night, and the actors on the stage from seven in the evening till one the following morning. The dresses are handsome; but the courtiers of the French monarch are not the persons exactly of that make and shape and bearing calculated to shew fine clothes to advantage. We think, also, that these gentlemen might as well be instructed how to speak the names of the *dramatis personæ*; or if that be beyond their comprehension, surely they might be taught some uniform pronunciation of the simple title of "Monsieur le Comte." These sort of matters are too little attended to at this theatre.

On Wednesday two singing ladies, Miss Bellchambers and Miss Williams, appeared for the first time (at least so the bills asserted), in the *Marriage of Figaro*. They were both well received, and will prove useful auxiliaries in the operatic department.

Young Mathews's little piece of *The Wolf and the Lamb* improves greatly by repetition; and Farren's acting, which is quite out of his usual style, is in the highest degree laughable and true to nature. The house has hitherto been but thinly attended.

ENGLISH OPERA: OLYMPIC.—To Miss Percy, improving nightly, and Bartley, who has appeared here since our last—to Miss Kelly, who is always a great attraction, and to Miss Somerville—we had on Wednesday a revival of *Bombastes Furioso*, to let loose all the drollery of Reeve, well supported in the other characters by Penson, Salter, and Mrs. C. Jones. Laughter was, of course, the order of the night. The new piece, by the ever-entertaining and witty Dick Peake, is, Friday, too late for us to notice till we trust it has delighted full houses for a week. It is founded on the famous M. Montague sweep-story: the origin also of our May-day blacky-iced gambols.

STRAND THEATRE.

Mrs. WAYLETT is really shewing what a lawless minor can do. After the *Golden Calf*, extremely well performed, we, the other night, witnessed a *Husband Wanted*—one of the liveliest and most laughable one-act pieces, from the French, we have seen for a great while. The heroine, Miss Ayres, is pretty and animated enough; Williams in the old uncle, *Credulous*, would serve for a capital example of the good old style; and Abbot gives us all the vivacity and humour of a first-rate comedian. *Glib*, a roguish servant, is cleverly done by Mr. Forrester; and *Stump*, a Yorkshire gardener, is excellent in the hands of Mr. Mitchell, whose knowing looks and dialect shew him to be fully equal to this difficult line of character at any theatre.

SADLER'S WELLS.

ALAS for time and space! we have not yet got to Sadler's Wells; but we have sent, and our report is most favourable. Full houses, a succession of new pieces, and Mrs. Fitzwilliam in full force every night. Merriment and (on a

recent occasion somewhat broad) farce keep the well-pleased audiences in constant laughter; and all goes so well at the Wells, that (as the Cockneys say) nothing could not be better.

SIGHTS OF LONDON.

We seldom miss sights worth seeing in London, and certes have seen many in our day not worth the trouble; but we were late this week in going for a look at the double-sighted boy at the Egyptian Hall, as he had previously departed for the country. All we know of "Lewy Gordon" therefore is from Mathews's laughable description and imitation, and the report of others, who speak of this exhibition as one of very clever and unaccountable deception.

But our visit to the Hall was not altogether unprofitable, for we took the opportunity to inspect a magnificent collection of *Stained Glass* in the great room, by Albert Durer. This splendid specimen of the art of painting on glass represents the life of a saint, in many compartments, from infancy to canonization. The groupings are often admirable; the costume throughout, with all its ornaments curiously executed, is extremely interesting; and the colouring of almost matchless brilliancy and effect. The gradations in the same hues are peculiarly striking; and the whole, for design, portraiture, and general skill, affords a noble proof of the genius of Albert Durer, as well as of the perfection of the medium in which it is here displayed. This superb collection, 240 square feet, has been brought from Germany by Mr. Curling, and was intended to embellish the parish church of Hitchin, Herts; but the necessary subscription fund has not (unfortunately for that church) been raised, and the glass is now on exhibition, and, we believe, for sale. It eminently deserves the attention of the admirers of the arts.

In a lower apartment we experienced another treat from an examination of the Prince of Canino's *Etruscan Fictile Vases, Bronzes*, and other remarkable antiquities, dug up on his estate near Viterbo, and supposed to illustrate the site of Vulturna the capital of ancient Etruria, or of Volscium the capital of the Volscientes. The beauty of these amphore, &c., their remote date, the designs and inscriptions which they bear, and other circumstances, render them of the deepest interest to the classic and antiquary. They certainly throw a new and strong light upon all the theories connected with the earliest history of the two nations in the world most deserving of investigation, the Greek and Roman; and also reflect some rays on the annals of Egypt, and, perhaps, of India. At all events, were it only as examples of various arts, of domestic utensils, of female ornaments, of armour, of mythological superstitions, and of the customs and habits of the people who used them, they are possessed of great attractions, and suggest a multitude of strange reflections on the time when the gods were of baked earth, and yet their worshippers so ingenious and civilised! A few hours of a few days may be most pleasantly spent in viewing these antique remains.

VARIETIES.

Anglo-Germanic Advertiser.—Any design which can promote the literary and scientific intercourse between this country and Germany must have our warmest approbation, and we therefore rejoice to see a journal projected for the rapid interchange of the intelligence possessed by either people. The prospectus states

that it is to be in alternate columns of pure German and classical English, and to consist of articles best calculated to interest readers in both nations, such as reviews, dramatic criticisms, choice extracts, &c. &c. It is to appear weekly in London, and at a very moderate price.

Cheap Literature, Very!—We acknowledge five pennorth of the *Halfpenny Magazine*, i. e. ten Nos., which we have read, and, with little exception, approve as a well-made-up miscellany.

The Weekly Miscellany.—Another, and another still. This No. I., at one penny, is as entertaining and instructive as any of its precursors, aiming at greater originality and going farther back and abroad for its selections. We have really so many little contemporaries now, that we are quite bewildered with the numerous family of Periodicals. Being almost entitled to be considered the GREAT GRANDFATHER of them all, we feel we have much to answer, and more, we fear, than can be well provided for.

Commemoration of Sir Thomas Gresham.—This ceremony took place on Thursday at St. Helen's church, Bishopsgate, where a sermon was preached to a numerous congregation. Mr. Alderman Copeland and others, endeavouring (as we noticed last week) to impart greater efficacy to the bequests of this distinguished citizen, gave, on the present occasion, a premium for the best composition in sacred music, which was awarded to Mr. Chas. Hart.

Sir Walter Scott arrived at Edinburgh, after a passage in the *James Watt* steamer of forty-six hours:—poetical genius borne over the ocean by the genius of the mechanical arts!

New Diorama.—We are glad to have a new Diorama; for such an addition to the Zoological and Colosseum attractions of the Regent's Park enhances the pleasures of a tour in that quarter. The subjects are, Paris from Mont-Marte, by M. Daguerre, and the Campo Santo of Pisa, by M. Bouton; and the talents of these artists guarantee the accuracy and beauty of the spectacle.

Fine Arts.—That fine and curious collection of paintings, by the old masters, which we noticed some weeks ago, and which for some time past has been in course of exhibition at Exeter Hall, is, we perceive, about to be broken up and scattered by the auctioneer's hammer. As the collection contains some very choice specimens of art upon sacred subjects, we cannot help expressing a hope that they may not all go into the hands of dealers for exportation, to adorn churches on the continent, but that some will be retained for the ornament of our own ecclesiastical edifices, rich in every requisite but this one.

Cuba.—A work has lately been published at Paris, under the title of *Centurie des Lépidoptères de l'île de Cuba*; by M. Poey. The author has availed himself of a residence of eight years at Cuba, to study the lepidoptera of that island. His work contains the descriptions and representations of a hundred kinds, eighty of which are entirely new. In general, M. Poey gives a plate of the male and female, above and below; frequently one of the caterpillar and the chrysalis. The plates are executed with great fidelity and accuracy, even to the nerves of the wings; and, when necessary, of a size larger than nature.

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

[*Lit. Gazette Weekly Advertiser*, No. XXVIII. July 14, 1823.]
The Cabinet Annual Register for the present Year, with some improvements.
Dr. Bowring is said to have already made great progress

in the preparation of the Autobiography of Jeremy Bentham for the press, with copious extracts from his Correspondence with distinguished persons during the last half century.

The Miscellaneous Papers of the late Major Remell, F.R.S. &c. &c. with Notes on the whole, and some Observations made during a recent Survey of the British Channel and the Coast of Cornwall, by T. Webb, A.M. Civil Engineer: who has also in the press, a Work, addressed to the Government and Landowners of Great Britain, on the Encroachments of the Sea upon the Shores of the Kingdom; with Suggestions for restoring its constructive progress, and for preserving the Land from its future Ravages.

The Council of the Royal Society are, they say, preparing for publication a new and well-arranged Catalogue of the Scientific Works in their Library; and also an Abstract of the Papers read at the Evening Meetings since the beginning of the present Century.

The Law and Practice of Elections, by C. F. F. Wordsworth, Esq. of the Inner Temple; and also, in separate works, the same for Scotland and for Ireland.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Wordsworth's Poetical Works, 4 vols. fcp. 1l. 4s. bds. Excursion, fcp. 7s. 6d. bds.—Turner on the Horse's Foot, royal 8vo. 7s. 6d. cloth.—Dodley's Annual Register, Vol. LXXIII. for 1831, 8vo. 16s. bds.—Lord Mahon's History of the War of Succession in Spain, 8vo. 12s. bds.—Rev. P. Wilson's Sermons, Vol. II. 8vo. 10s. 6d. bds.—Fort Riebanc, fcp. 6s. bds.—Edye's Calculations relating to the Employment, &c. of Ships of War, royal 8vo. 1l. 3s. hf. bd.—Select Library, Vol. VI. Carver's Lives of Eminent Missionaries, fcp. 6s. cloth.—Rogers's Reform Act, with Notes, &c. 12mo. 5s. 6d. bds.—Kidd's Picturesque Companion to Richmond, &c. 18mo. 3s. 6d. sewed; India paper, 7s. sewed.—Ince's Outlines of General Knowledge, 18mo. 1s. sewed.—Hansard's Debates (3d Series, Vol. IX.), Vol. I. of Session 1831, 2, royal 8vo. 1l. 10s. bds.; 1l. 13s. 6d. hf. bd.—Arnold's Dramatic Sketches, 3 vols. 8vo. 1l. 11s. 6d. bds.—Fortune-Hunting, by the Author of "First Love," 3 vols. 8vo. 1l. 8s. 6d. bds.—Stevens on the Blood, 8vo. 15s. bds.—Landscapic Illustrations to Scott's Works, Part I. 12mo. 2s. 6d. sewed.—Boy's Suppressed Evidence on Miracles, 8vo. 10s. bds.—Beren's Advice to a Young Man at Oxford, fcp. 3s. bds.—Merry's Memoirs, 12mo. 4s. 6d. cloth.—The Four Gospels, in Greek, from Greilbach's Text, fcp. 3s. 6d. cloth.—Stories from German Writers, on Locke's System, 12mo. 2s. 6d. cloth.—Ellis on Life and Fire Insurance, 8vo. 8s. bds.—Gallery of Shakespeare, Merchant of Venice, 9 Etchings, 16mo. 2s. sewed; Othello, 12 Etchings, 16mo. 2s. sewed.—Tradesman's Guide to Superficial Measurement, 12mo. 3s. cloth.—Moral Plays, 8vo. 10s. 6d. bds.—Surgeons on Unrequited Religion, 8vo. 8s. bds.—Doddridge's Devotional Letters, &c. 8vo. 8s. cloth.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Again we have to request, in order to avoid what may be the delay, that all correspondence be addressed "To the Editor," and not personally, at least, on the outside.

We are sorry we cannot encourage G. H. in his aspirations. Writing poetry is a bad trade, and publishing it a worse.

Mr. Arnold's letter, denying the application of torture in Hanover, in our next.

We have very many late arrivals to acknowledge this week, as usual: it is not, therefore, our fault if their communicants suffer disappointment.

We have received an odd No. of *Chambers' Journal*, which we have examined to find the *why*, but cannot discover.

We are obliged to "A Subscriber of 11 Years," but we do not think it would become us to enter upon the explanations he requests. The old proverb, "Let every herring hang by its own head," appears to us to be a sound one; and so long as the *Literary Gazette* maintains its character and influence, established by years of assiduous labour, great expenditure, well-directed exertions (which have called into action many previously sealed sources of intelligence), and honourable independence, we shall consider it most inexpedient to alter it in the slightest degree, though there were five hundred novelties added to the low-priced periodicals of the hour. We have seen too many of these spring up and fall in our time—we have a drawer full of their puff and assurances of vast success—to pay much regard to the repetition of such doings. We are satisfied with our own plan, our weight in literature, our rank in the arts and sciences, and the approbation it has always experienced.

We have received several notices (generally too late, were we so inclined) to attend meetings of a "Society for the Protection of Book-sellers," but as we are of opinion that booksellers know well enough how to protect themselves, we have not thought of attending. And besides, when we recognise in the leading parties of this association the individuals who dragged the *Literary Gazette* up to Bow Street for penalties, on information, i. e. though of entirely a different character, and standing on altogether different grounds from the periodicals in which they are concerned, endeavoured to push us into the front of their battle against the laws,—we must confess that we are not disposed to make common cause with them. If their objects are good, we wish them all success; but if fuss and notoriety be the essence of the trick, the less that is said about it the better.

